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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE & SOCIAL PROGRESS.

EDITED BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

VOL. XXII. DECEMBER, 1885. No. 6.

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Magazines Bound for 50 cents per vol. Cloth Covers, post free, 30 cents.

J. & R. McDermott Del. Sc.

S. F. Huestis, Halifax, N.S. | William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto, Ont. | C. W. Coates, Montreal, P.Q.

Designed & Engraved by the Meth. Pub. House

Two Dollars a year. Single Numbers, Twenty Cents.
Wholesale Agents, Toronto News Company.

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.

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CAPITAL AND ASSETS, 1884, $2,415,944.

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TEAR OFF AT THIS LINE.

AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little just like her.

Ah, little lips you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

I at my father's fireside sit
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little just like me.

JOHN D. LONG.

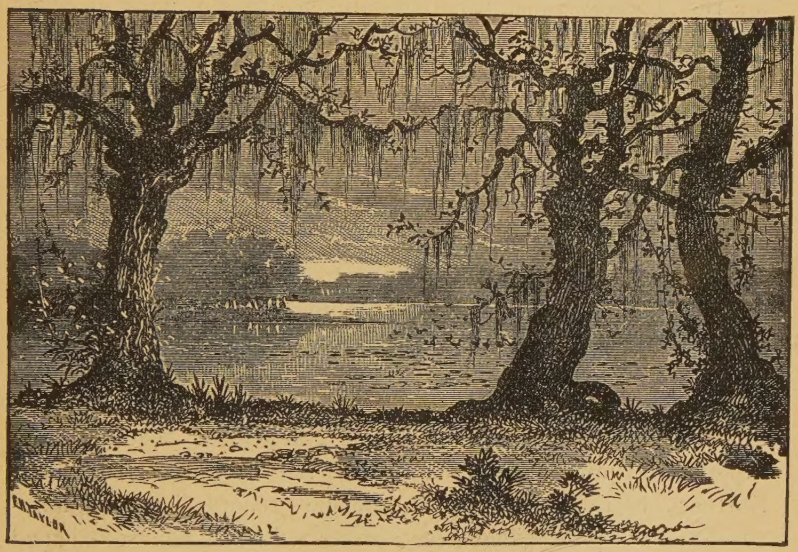
E.H.G.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1885.

A MONTH IN FLORIDA

BY THE EDITOR.



SPANISH MOSS.

IT was a very striking change from the cold and blustering March morning, on which I left Toronto, to the summer-like weather in which, three days later, I was able to write by an open window, and was glad to seek the shade when out of doors. As I rode over the Credit Valley, and Canada Southern Railway through Western Ontario, the fields were covered with snow. As I passed through Michigan and Ohio the snow gradually disappeared. At Cincinnati I took the comfortable buffet sleeping car of the Louisville and Nashville road, and in twenty-six hours

passed from the domain of winter to that of summer. To an invalid just recovering from a serious illness it was a most delightful experience.

One of the most striking characteristics of the South is the ubiquitous presence of "our brother in black," and a very picturesque object he is. For "loopholed, windowed raggedness" he is not surpassed by the lazzaroni of Naples or beggars of Rome. As he stands in statuesque attitude, motionless in the blazing sunlight, he looks like a black bronze antique. There is an expression of infinite patience, almost of sadness, in his dark and lustrous eyes which one may easily fancy is the result of ages of bondage and oppression. When he speaks to you, which outside of the cities he seldom does unless first addressed, it is in a rich, velvety voice, in an obsequious, almost servile manner, and often in a rude and almost barbarous *patois*. But to see him at his best you should see him in animated conversation with his brother black. Then he is all life and energy. His gestures are emphatic, his white teeth gleam, his dark eyes flash, his jolly laugh pours forth peal on peal in an inexhaustible flood. A very small joke causes infinite mirth, and you realize, as perhaps not before, that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that heareth it."

Pensacola, on the Gulf of Mexico, is the first Florida port at which we stop. It has a noble harbour, and sometimes floats more square-rigged shipping than any port in the United States. It is a favourite sail down the harbour to the historic Fort Pickens, Fort McRae, and the U. S. Navy-yard. The principal exports are timber and naval stores. All through Alabama and Northern Florida are vast "turpentine orchards" of the long-needled pitch pine. The trees are scarfed with chevron-shaped gashes through which exudes the resinous sap. This is collected and in rude forest stills is manufactured into turpentine, tar, and resin. A very picturesque and rather uncanny sight it is to see the night fires of these stills and the gnome-like figures of the blacks working amid the flames.

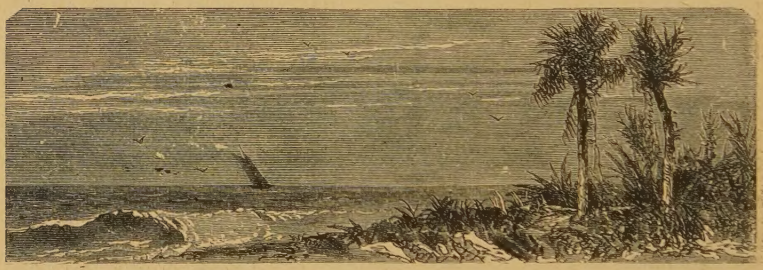
There are few more striking evidences of the growth of the Chautauqua movement than the existence of a successful Chautauqua Assembly in the heart of Florida. It was a genuine surprise to find such a well-equipped institution in what was till recently a primeval wilderness. The Louisville and Nashville

Railway, the great trunk line of the South, controlling nearly 3,000 miles of road, has within two years extended its iron arms so as to connect Jacksonville and New Orleans, the two chief centres of population and travel in the South. Midway between these places is De Funiak Springs. The lake, which is situated in the centre of the grounds, is one of the most remarkable bodies of water that I know. It is a perfect circle with uniformly sloping shores. It has no inlet or outlet, and its waters, sixty feet deep at the centre, are crystal clear. It occupies the

On Orange Lake.

highest ground in the State, 270 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, and is thus free from the malaria of the low lands. It is surrounded by forests of pitch pine, whose resinous odours are said to be exceedingly beneficial to weak lungs. The salt sea breezes, tempered by blowing through twenty miles of this pine forest, have a remarkably tonic effect. The climate is exceedingly mild, The Le Conte pear, peach, apricot, fig, quince, grape and berries are raised equal in quality, it is said, to those of California. The grounds are magnificent, 260 acres surrounding the lovely lake of which we have spoken. At night, when illuminated with a score of blazing camp fires, it looks like fairy-land. The programme covers over a month, and embraces lectures, concerts,

readings, stereopticon entertainments, illustrations in costume of oriental life, etc., and compares not unfavourably with that of the mother Chautauqua of the North. Among the host of speakers and preachers were Governor Perry, General C. B. Fisk, Col. Cowden, President Hopkins, Col. Bain, Prof. Sherwin, Dr. Deems, Bishop Walden, Mrs. Alden—"Pansy"—and many others of less or greater reputation. In such good company the present writer had the honour to take part in the programme. The great bulk of the visitors were from the North, and a great attraction it is to exchange our wintry winds for out-of-door amusements and pleasant company in the sunny South. Already several persons from Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, and other places in the North have secured lots, and are building cottages for winter residence in this land of perpetual spring.



OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR, ST. AUGUSTINE.

The pleasant city of Jacksonville is the great rendezvous of tourists and health-seekers in the South. It is the largest city in the State, its resident population being about 16,000, but probably 100,000 tourists pass through it during the winter months. It is always a surprise to the Northern visitor. On one side of the car is the St. John river, with its palmetto-fringed shore, and on the other side an almost metropolitan city greets his eyes. Fine buildings, crowded streets, and the rush and bustle of a Northern city are something unexpected in a region long considered almost a wilderness. Of the red Florida pine about 50,000,000 feet are shipped annually. It is a remarkable wood, heavier and harder than oak, of a very fine grain and taking a beautiful polish. It is so saturated with resin that it catches fire from a match like tinder. This resinous quality makes it very enduring when used for ship-building.

About fifty miles north of Jacksonville is the interesting old seaport of Fernandina. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1632, and has the finest harbour on the coast south of Chesapeake Bay. The ocean beach affords a remarkably hard smooth drive of nearly twenty miles. From Fernandina the Florida Transit Railway extends directly across the State to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf Coast, through some of the most picturesque scenery of the peninsula, and another division penetrates the rich orange belt of the southern part of the State.

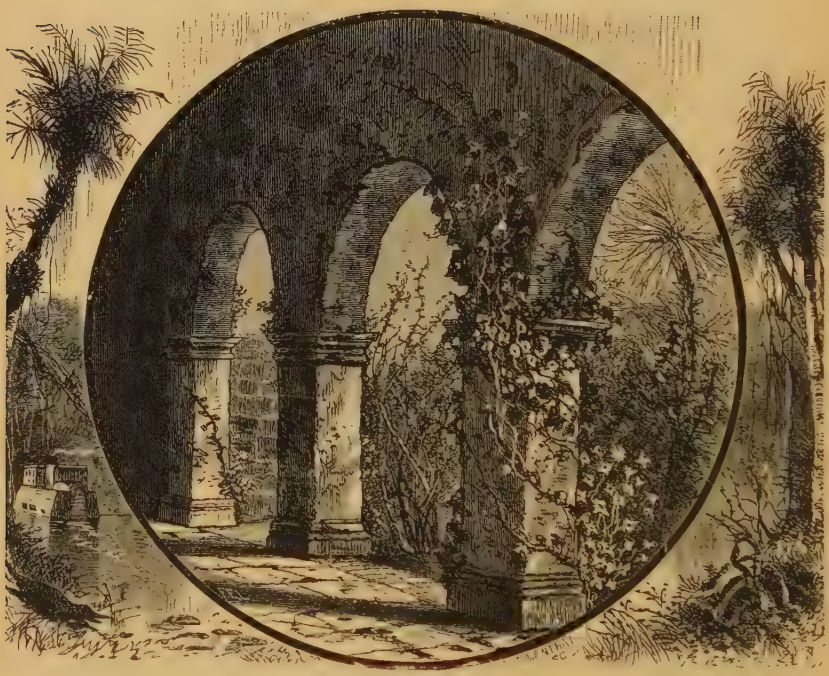
From Jacksonville one goes everywhere in eastern Florida. A favourite trip is up the St. John river and by rail to St. Augustine on the Atlantic Coast. The railroad traverses barren pine flats where not a house or sign of life meets the eye. St. Augustine is the oldest settlement in the United States, and its

Old Gate, St. Augustine.

history carries one back almost to the middle ages. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1565, more than half a century before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It still retains much of its Spanish aspect, strangely quaint and in harmony with its romantic history. The mediæval fort and gateway, the narrow crooked streets, the Moorish bell tower, the shovel-hats and black gowns of the priests, the gliding figures of the nuns, and the dark brown and black eyes and hair of the people seem like a chapter from life in old Spain. The indolent, sweet-do-nothing air of the natives complete the resemblance. The most interesting feature of the town is the old fort San Marco, now Fort Marion. It was captured from Spain by the British, and was said to be the handsomest fort in the king's dominions. Its castellated battlements, its frowning bastions, bearing the royal Spanish arms; its portcullis, moat, and drawbridge; its

commanding look-out tower and time-stained, moss-grown massive walls impress the observer as a relic of the distant past; while its heavy casemates, its dark passages and gloomy dungeons suggest still darker memories. Anything more thoroughly quaint and unfamiliar to Canadian eyes it would be hard to conceive.

In the town, the central point of interest is the plaza—as the Spaniard would say—or public square. You have no more than time for a glance at the old slave-market, and at the bay beyond,



Arches in Old Spanish House, St. Augustine.

before your interest in the cathedral hurries you across the street to the north side. Everything in the interior—the pictures, the pews, the doors, the altar—all suggest an age long gone by. This cathedral was finished in 1793, but on its east wall it has a large painting of the first religious service held in St. Augustine, three hundred and nineteen years ago. The officiating priests are surrounded by the Spaniards, clothed in heavy coats of mail, with helmets and battle-axes.

The grand tour in Florida, which no visitor should fail to

make, is the trip up the St. John and Ocklawaha rivers. For a hundred miles or so the St. John is too wide to be picturesque. It is rather a chain of lakes from one to three or four miles wide. But the steamers shoot shuttlewise from side to side, calling at

Palmettoes and Orange Trees.

the many plantations and winter resorts on either shore. Many of these are charming spots, embowered amid foliage of live oak, magnolia, and cypress, and as we approach the air is fragrant with orange bloom. Among the places which may be thus visited

are Beauclerc, which, it is claimed, is the oldest settlement on the river; Mandarin, the winter home of Mrs. Stowe, surrounded by a beautiful orange grove; Magnolia, with its magnificent hotel; and Green Cove Springs, where is situated what is claimed to be the original "Fountain of Youth," the object of the vain quest of Ponce de Leon, three hundred years ago. This is a sulphur spring

Florida Live Oaks.

of surprising clearness, in which I bathed in the open air in the middle of March. It is highly recommended for rheumatic and other affections.

The Upper St. John is far more interesting than its lower reaches. It is much narrower, and is exceedingly sinuous in character. Large steamers ascend as far as Enterprise and Sanford, two hundred miles from Jacksonville, but for two hundred miles further it may be penetrated by smaller craft. It is one of

the few rivers in the world running north, so that while going up the river you are going down the country to ever more Southern and tropical regions.

The trip, however, better worth making, if one cannot make the two, is the sail on the Ocklawaha. The best way is to take

STREET IN OCALA.

the train from Palatka, on the St. John to Ocala and Silver Springs. This run is made in three or four hours—by the steamer it takes twenty. The descent of the river is made in fifteen hours, and chiefly in daylight. The river can scarcely be said to have any banks—the channel being for the most part simply a navigable passage through a cypress swamp. It is exceedingly narrow and tortuous, the overhanging branches often sweep the deck, and the guards of the boat rub bare in many places the trunks of the trees. In one spot the passage between

two huge cypress trees is only twenty-two feet wide, and the steamer *Okahumkee* is twenty-one feet beam.

The greatest marvel of the trip is the famous Silver Springs. For nine miles one sails through waters clear as crystal, the bottom, at a depth of from ten to fifty feet or more, being dis-

On the Bayous.

tinctly visible. Shoals of fish glide by us in a vast natural aquarium, every motion, hue, and play of colour being vividly exhibited. At last this crystal stream flows into the discoloured Ocklawaha, and assumes its turbid character. Palms, palmettoes, black ash, water oaks, magnolias, and cypresses, fringe the banks from most of which hang funereal plumes of Spanish moss,

waving like tattered banners in the air. It is an utter solitude, save when a single crane or heron, or a flock of snowy-winged curlews flit across the forest vista.

The chief excitement of the tourist is watching for alligators. One sharp-eyed girl counted twenty-five in a couple of hours. I did not see so many, but one was a huge fellow, ten or twelve feet long. They lie basking in the sun till disturbed by the approaching steamer, when they quickly "wink their tails" and

Orange Plantation.

glide into the water. The pilot at the wheel ever and anon calls out "'Gater on the right," "Turtle on the left," "Snake on a log," as the case may be. The mud turtles are of huge proportions, and in numbers so great that one might suppose that a grand convention of all the turtles in the country was being held.

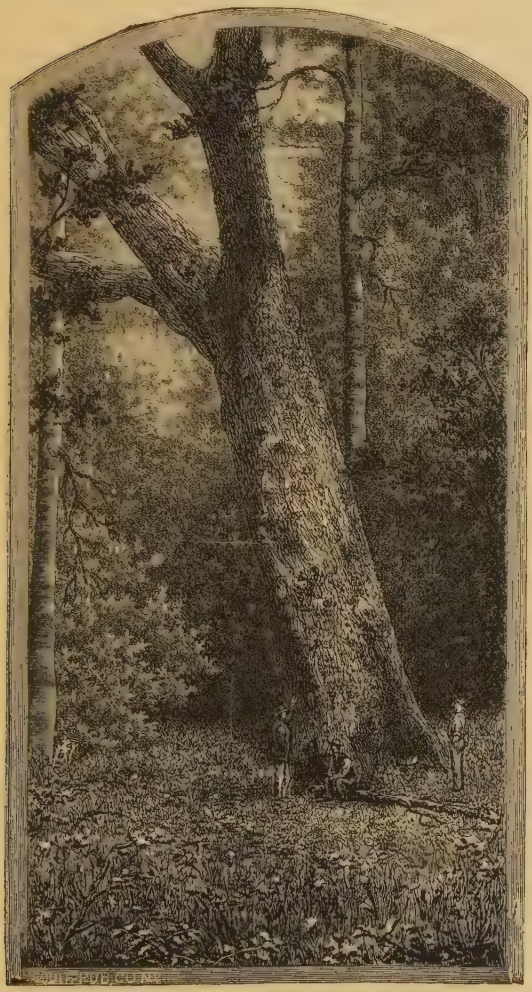
The most wonderful aspect of the river is at night. Then on the top of the pilot house is kindled in an iron vessel a fire of pitch-pine knots which throws a lurid glare far ahead on the river and into the abysmal depths of darkness on either side. The cypress trees thrust their spectral arms, draped with the melancholy moss, out into midstream, as if grasping at the little

steamer as we pass. Anything more weird and awesome it is hard to conceive. Then the coloured deck hands and waiters gather at the bow of the boat and chant their strange, wild camp-meeting hymns and plantation songs, and one's memories of a night's sail on the Ocklawaha become among the most striking and strange of a lifetime.

The condition of the negroes in the new South is to the Northern tourist a problem of special interest. Since emancipation, it is true they are often thriftless and unprogressive; but so they were before, and their habits are a heritage from slavery days. Yet they are steadily improving. At Montgomery, Ala., a coloured man told me that his people paid taxes on $500,000 worth of property, and that he himself paid taxes on $20,000. Yet he had begun, he said, "without a nickel." The blacks are docile and eager to learn. Even where schools are provided throughout the "black belt," it is only at intervals between the pressing field-work of the successive crops—corn, cotton, tobacco—that the young folks can go to school—about four months in the year I was told. That they have improved so much is greatly to their credit, and is an augury of still greater improvement in the future. The Sunday-school, moreover, is supplementing the deficiencies of the day-school to a considerable extent. The printed lesson leaves are a valuable means of instruction even in the hands of inexperienced teachers. I have heard coloured children in the South respond to questions on the Bible as well as I ever heard white children.

The religious life of the blacks is a subject of deep interest. Intensely emotional, they are apt to be carried away by what is sometimes, it is to be feared, little better than nervous excitement. At Montgomery, Ala., the very heart of the "black belt," I witnessed far more noisy demonstrations than anywhere else in the South. There was on the part of many of the congregation a perpetual swaying of the body to and fro, accompanied by a constant chorus of ejaculations in a plaintive minor key; and all the while ran a deep undertone in a monotonous strain like the drone of a bagpipe. The preacher favoured the excitement. His voice fell into a regular chanting cadence, a mournful minor strain impossible to describe. The responsive cries became louder and louder; several persons, all women, sprang to their feet, one after another, with impassioned gestures and ejacula-

tions. Still the preacher went on with his weird incantation, till the confusion seemed to me to have no more religious character than the gyrations of the dancing dervishes. The more intelligent blacks disapproved of it, and said it was only the ignorant who indulged in it. There is often a rude eloquence in the sermon that to the keen susceptibilities of the negroes is very arousing. The preachers are very fond of texts from the Revelation and from the prophecies, and their literal application of allegorical language and of bold oriental imagery is very striking. The singing, too, is a very characteristic element in the worship—the strange, sweet, plaintive strains with which the "Jubilees" have made us all familiar. They are especially fond of hymns describing the deliverance of the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt; as that beginning, "Go down, Moses," with its striking refrain, "Let my people go;" and hymns on the destruction of the Egyptians, as "Did not old Pharaoh get lost?" which they sing with enthusiasm. In the refrains everyone joins, often with



Mammoth Tree at Belleview.

swaying of the body and time-marking gestures. As a *finale,* they frequently all spring to their feet, and everybody shakes hands with everybody else, singing lustily all the while.

In their collections they are exceedingly liberal; few white congregations, in proportion to their means, being as much so. Having fixed upon a definite sum as necessary, they keep at it till they get it. They are fond of pitting one secret or benevolent society against another, as the "Sons of Jacob" and the "Sisters of Rachel;" and amid an accompaniment of song and exhortation, and a good deal of chaffing and wit, the sum is almost invariably reached. Though many of this long oppressed race may not be models of honesty, thrift, and morality, yet their vices are a heritage of the dark days when no man could call aught that he had his own, and when even the sanctity of his home and the purity of his family-life were not protected. Already a great improvement is manifest, and under the regenerative influences of religion and education the Negro is destined to reach a high standard of morality and intelligence.

NOTE.—A considerable number of persons will, doubtless, visit the South this winter on account of the threefold attractions of the New Orleans Exposition, the Southern Chautauqua Assembly, and the perennial inducement of the balmy air of Florida. This spring the rate from Toronto to New Orleans and back was $31.85—considerably less than one cent per mile. It will probably be as low this winter. The Exposition continues open from November 10th, 1885, to April 1st, 1886. It has taken possession of the capacious buildings of the World's Fair of last winter, and promises to surpass in interest that Exhibition. The Chautauqua Assembly opens on February 23rd, and continues open till the end of March. These months are the best in which to visit Florida. For the information of intending tourists we would say that we consider the best route to the South that which we have twice followed, viz., by the Canada Pacific and Michigan Central Railroads to Toledo, thence by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, and Louisville and Nashville Railroad. By the last-mentioned road, which is probably the best equipped in the entire South, one may pass in a few hours from lands of snow to lands of sun—to the everglades of Florida, and the orange groves of the Gulf Coast. A visit to the Southern Chautauqua can be readily combined with one to New Orleans, or Florida, as the Louisville and Nashville Railroad will give stop-over tickets if asked for. For particulars write to C. C. Banfill, Esq., De Funiak Springs, Fla.

COWPER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM I. SHAW, M.A., LL.B.,
Prof. of Classics, etc., Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

THE ALCOVE.

WHAT an honourable record have the sons of ministers! The popular prejudice against them as useless incumbrances on society has recently had a vigorous refutation in the facts presented by De Candolle, a French scientist and skeptic, who gleans from biography a most striking and significant list of sons of pastors, eminent in scholarship and literature. Agassiz, Encke, Linnaeus, Hallam, Hobbes, Emerson, Whately, Robert Hall, Lightfoot, the Wesleys, Lowth, Stillingfleet, the Beechers, Spurgeon, Dugald Stewart, Cudworth, Reid, Bancroft, Kingsley, Young, Thomson, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, Tennyson and Lowell, are samples justifying the assertion that "the sons of clerical families have actually surpassed, during two hundred years, in their contributions to the roll of eminent scientists and literati the similar contributions of any other class of families."

To this long list must be added the name of William Cowper,

the son of the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., chaplain to George II., and rector of Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, where William was born, Nov. 15th, 1731 (O.S.) On both the father's and mother's side he was of noble descent—a circumstance which is no guarantee for moral character, but which still carries with it a presumption of the benefits of wealth and refinement. His mother, who was a Donne and a lineal descendant of Henry III, died in his sixth year. The bitter grief of his young heart he subsequently depicted in a poem in memory of his mother.

> Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
> Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
> What ardently I wished, I long believed,
> And disappointed still, was still deceived ;
> By expectation every day beguiled,
> Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
> Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went
> Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
> I learned at last submission to my lot,
> But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

From a motherless home to a still more cheerless position the child was soon sent, and "the little mass of timid and quivering sensibility" found himself amidst the bullying and cruel tyranny of the strong boys of a boarding-school. From this, after an interval of two years spent under the care of an oculist, he was sent to the hardly more congenial associations of Westminster school, where classics and cricket furnish the chief goals for the emulation and ambition of the pupils. The training thus given is to the average Englishman elevating and salutary, developing both mind and muscle, imparting both classic culture and chivalrous vigour. But to young Cowper, with his timidity and shrinking nervousness, there is no doubt these school-day associations brought those shocks and boyish troubles which permanently injured his mind, and to which the tender child from Berkhampstead Rectory was by no means equal.

Berkhampstead Rectory.

At the age of eighteen Cowper was articled with Mr. Chapman, an attorney in London. At the expiration of his three years' term he took chambers in the Middle and afterwards in the Inner Temple, and at length was duly called to the Bar. He entered upon the study and practice of law by the earnest desire of his father. It is peculiar that with an utter indifference, or positive aversion, to it on his part, he still acquired a sufficient degree of success to have the offer of a lectureship at Lyon's Inn. However, his preferences were decidedly for literature, and from this time forward he is to be found engaged chiefly in literary work.

In 1756 Cowper's father died. With limited means, and with the law as a mere nominal profession, the despondency which overshadowed him increased. Major Cowper, a relative, secured for him an offer of the position of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords; but the labours of the office, and his timidity at appearing at the bar of the House, led him to abandon the position. At the age of thirty-two, in the year 1763, he went mad and attempted to commit suicide. Having become a Methodist his hypochondria took a religious form. Says Goldwin Smith: "A votary of wealth, when his brain gives way under disease or age, fancies that he is a beggar. A Methodist, when his brain gives way under the same influences, fancies that he is forsaken of God." This author, however, freely admits that the same Methodism which gives this form to hypochondria also brings by its cheerfulness and hopefulness the best solace to a disordered mind. This harmonizes with the testimony of Dr. Workman, when Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, Toronto, and with statistics which show that Methodism has proportionately fewer representatives among the insane than any other Church. Its tone of Christian cheerfulness, associated with temperance and purity of life, is the best safeguard against mental derangement.

When Cowper is spoken of as a Methodist, it is to be understood only that he was in full sympathy as an Anglican with the Wesleyan revival then in progress within the Established Church. In the "Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon," Vol. II., c. 33, he is claimed to be a "Methodist Calvinistic Churchman," and by Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," he is so described. It is noted by the latter that his associations with the clergy were restricted almost exclusively to such as were Methodistic.

Labouring under his hypochondria Cowper became an inmate of a mad-house at St. Alban's, under the control of Dr. Cotton, who was a man of active and cheerful piety. At the expiration of eighteen months, grasping his Bible and its promises, which he had sadly concluded were not for him, Cowper found peace and light for his disordered mind. This new experience he thus describes:

The soul a dreary province once
  Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
  And owns a heavenly reign.

The glorious orb whose golden beams
  The fruitful year control,
Since first obedient to Thy word,
  He started from the gaol,

Has cheered the nations with the joys
  His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis Thy light alone
  Can shine upon the heart.

After his release from the asylum his brother John secured lodgings for him at Huntingdon where he was welcomed to the heart and home of the Unwins, the Rev. William Unwin, the rector, being known as decidedly Methodistic, and giving a son to the revival in connection with the labours of the Countess of Huntingdon, and Mrs. Unwin becoming the life-long friend of Cowper. Daily life in the rectory at Huntingdon is described by Cowper as composed of a little amusement, at least four miles of walking, two hours of private reading of scripture, two services in the church, "commonly the evening is finished either with hymns or a sermon, and last of all the family are called to prayers." Cowper adds, "I need not tell you that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness,"—a statement about which the ungodly, and perhaps some others, will be skeptical.

About two years subsequently Mr. Unwin was killed by falling from a horse. An indissoluble bond of friendship had been established between Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, of whom he spoke as his mother, and from henceforth they were to be associated in friendship till parted by death. Together they moved to

Olney, on the Ouse, in Buckinghamshire. If Cowper was melancholy this place, one would think, would drive him to despair. The fact is, however, that here were the highest aspirations of his poetical genius and of his lofty spirit. Neither the dullness of the people nor of the place hindered his upward flights. The choice of this peculiar place is to be accounted for by the fascinating attraction of the evangelical curate, the Rev. John Newton, who has enriched our Canadian hymn-book with six beautiful hymns including the universal favourite,

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.

At Olney, under Newton's direction, Mrs. Unwin and Cowper were quite active in holding prayer-meetings and helping the poor for both worlds. Southey, in his very full life of Cowper, considers that this kind of military methodical spiritual service accounts for Cowper again becoming insane. It probably accounts for the deferring of his insanity. But the dark cloud of despair was again gathering, and amidst the gloom Cowper again imagined himself forsaken of God, and moreover entertained the inconvenient caprice that he must reside nowhere but in the vicarage where, under the care of Dr. Cotton, he was restored to sanity. With Newton's successor, Scott the Commentator, Cowper showed little sympathy; but Newton perhaps foreseeing this, commended his *protegé* to a neighbouring Dissenting minister, the Rev. William Bull, a man of genius, literary taste and practical common-sense. Under his geniel influence and by translating the poetry of Madame Guyon, Cowper's mind became brightened and strengthened.

OLNEY.

After a residence of over twenty years at Olney, in the year 1789, the poet and Mrs. Unwin removed to the village of Weston, a short distance from Olney, where Mrs. Unwin became palsied. This led to their removal to Norfolk, and then to East Dereham, where she died in 1796. About three years subsequently, after an interval of sadness and darkness, Cowper died, April 25th,

1800, aged 69 years. His disinterested friend, and one of his biographers, the poet Hayley, wrote the epitaph in Dereham Church:

> England exulting in his spotless fame,
> Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
> Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
> So clear a title to affection's praise:
> His highest honours to the heart belong,
> His virtues formed the magic of his song.

Southey designates Cowper as "the most popular poet of his generation and the best of English letter-writers." Unobtrusively he won favour by sterling merit struggling with special adversity. His leading poems: "The Task," "Tirocinium," "Truth," "The Progress of Error," and "Conversation," have gained a recognized place in English classics. His mind was fruitful and his pen was ready in the production of short poems chastened by sorrow or sparkling with humorous sarcasm, while his "Olney Hymns" are represented in the psalmody of all the Churches by the immortal ode:

> God moves in a mysterious way,

In analyzing the elements of Cowper's genius the average reader acquires the impression that the majority of his productions are the language of despair; but this is not correct. In fact, a comparatively small proportion of them are clouded with despondency. Instances of sprightly and humorous delineations of character are very numerous, like the picture of the paralyzed card-player in the Sofa (the first part of his greatest work, the "Task"), or the noisy talker in "Conversation."

> Where others toil with philosophic force,
> His nimble nonsense takes a shorter course,
> Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
> And gains remote conclusions at a jump.

His "John Gilpin" seems inspired by a heart brimful of fun, and did more than anything else to popularize his name with the common people.

Another element in Cowper's spirit, indeed the most prominent, is his ardent love for nature. Thomson, in his "Seasons," has an affected stiffness which is absent from Cowper. The marvellous

beauty of rural scenery in England becomes real and living as he describes

> The hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
> Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
> Just undulates upon the listening ear,
> Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.

Such favourite spots as the Alcove and the Chestnut Avenue, at Weston, seemed to afford him special inspiration in writing the "Task." He reaches Wordsworth's ideal of a poet, "An interpreter to man of the heart of God as revealed in nature."

> Who murmurs near the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own.

JOHN GILPIN.

Whittier may be taken as a good American representative of this type of poetry, and perhaps excels Cowper in naturalness. The winter scenes in the "Task," occupying Books IV., V. and VI., and describing winter at evening, morn and noon, are the counterpart of Whittier's "Snow-Bound," in which are so vividly portrayed the house mates sitting

> Around the radiant fire enclosed
> In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

But while a cheerful love of nature shines through much or most of Cowper's writings, the melancholy spirit in which he often wrote, we admit, is very conspicuous, and it is significant that by this was inspired his last original poem, "The Cast-away." In eleven stanzas he describes himself as abandoned at sea:

> Obscurest night involved the sky,
> The Atlantic billows roared,
> When such a destined wretch as I,
> Washed headlong from on board,
> Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
> His floating home forever left.

He shouted ; nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed
That pitiless perforce
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind. . . .

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid
We perished, each alone !
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

Again, the whole being of Cowper was permeated with profoundest reverence for the Divine, and his faith in God shone with steady lustre when not eclipsed by mental derangement. In the excellent and scholarly *London Quarterly Review* (Wesleyan), for April last, there is an admirable article on the "Poetry of Despair," as tinging the writings of Byron, Bailey, Tennyson, Thomson, Robert Browning, Poe, and especially Matthew Arnold. "The failure of modern culture as a substitute for religious faith" is given as the chief element which has contributed to the creation of this type of poetry, which, though wild and weird, presages literary death. It is certain that the declension of Christian faith must be the sure forerunner of literary decadence, for it is this faith which has inspired the loftiest forms of poetry, eloquence and music. In the case of Cowper, however, in contrast with Pessimism, which utters the wail of thousands :

The Lodge, Weston.

O might we for assurance' sake
Some arbitrary judgment take
And wilfully pronounce it true,

his Christian faith shines out of the gloom of despair and enables him to sing:

> Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust Him for His grace,
> Behind a frowning Providence
> He hides a smiling face.

With literary excellence there is surely combined the highest wisdom in the familiar contrast between Voltaire and the Lace-worker in "Truth":

> Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
> Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
> Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
> Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
> Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
> Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
> She for her humble sphere by nature fit,
> Has little understanding and no wit;
> Receives no praise; but though her lot be such—
> Toilsome and indigent—she renders much;
> Just knows and knows no more her Bible true—
> A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
> And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
> Her title to a treasure in the skies.
> O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
> His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
> He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
> She never heard of half a mile from home;
> He lost in errors his vain heart prefers
> She safe in the simplicity of hers.

The religious spirit of Cowper's poems, and especially the valuable services he rendered in hymnology, are thus referred to by the Macaulay of Church History—Stevens, in his "History of Methodism:" "He was the first of English poets (not merely hymnists) who tuned the lyre to such sentiments; Milton's cathedral strains had rolled grandly down a hundred years, but they were Hebraic rather than evangelic; Herbert's pious conceits and churchly quaintnesses possessed a peculiar charm, but were become obsolete; Young commanded some respect for religion by his didactic platitudes, and prompted the grand religious genius of Klopstock, on the continent; but Cowper imbued his verse with the essential vitality as well as simplicity of the Gospel, and he was not more the poet of English household life than of English Methodism."

A brave spirit in a weak, nervous body; a triumphant faith amid the darkness of despair; a genial temper despite the aberrations of mental disorder; an evangelical recognition of man as a sinner, and Christ as the only Saviour, at a time when such ideas were treated with aristocratic *hauteur*, and the Duchess of Buckingham wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon about the Methodist preachers who were assisted by the latter: "It is monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth; this is highly offensive, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding" —these are qualities in Cowper which, associated with classic grace and literary excellence, gave him a high place in the esteem and affection of Englishmen, and explain the tenderness and sympathy inspiring Mrs. Browning's poem of fourteen stanzas on Cowper's grave:

THE CHESTNUT AVENUE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying:
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling.

And now what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

THE FRIARS' CHRISTMAS.

BY HOSEA GORDON BLAKE.

In the Convent of St. Joseph, high above the Pinchon Pass,
Fifty monks before the altar knelt to say their Christmas mass;
Low they knelt, but little cared they for the solemn words they said,
All their thoughts were on the dainties for their Christmas dinner spread.

Much they murmured at the Abbot for his slow and measured drone:
"Will he *never* close the service?" Suddenly a clearer tone
Rang above them: "For His coming, who to save a world from sin
Left the glory of the heavens for the manger of an inn,

"Is this mockery your welcome? Is it thus you keep the Day
Blessed forever by the Christ-child that on Mary's bosom lay?
Will you feast while others famish? In the homes of want below
Men are starving—find them—feed them. For His sake arise and go!"

Robed and cassocked, from the convent fifty friars took their way
Downward through the holy stillness of the blessed Christmas day;
Black against the drifted snow-banks showed their figures as they went,
Much they looked like birds of rapine on an evil errand bent.

Birds of rescue, not of rapine, were the black-robed brotherhood:—
Like the raven heaven-appointed to supply the prophet's food.
To the needy and the dying gifts of life and strength they bore,
In the homes of want dividing all their cherished Christmas store.

Robed and cassocked up the mountain through the dying light of day
Climbed the fifty weary friars. Long and dreary was the way;
At its end no Christmas dainties waited for them in the Hall,
Bread and water formed their dinner. Of their Christmas this was all.

But their joy what heart can measure when above the Abbot's drone
As he led their vesper service rang again that clearer tone:
"Ye are blessed in blessing others; whoso lendeth to the Lord
Findeth here and more hereafter his exceeding great reward.

"Christ the Gift rewards true giving. He is ever found of them
Who with gifts of heart and service seek for Him in Bethlehem,—
Ye have found Him." Into silence died the lingering notes away;
In the hush the Abbot whispered: "*Nunc precamur*—let us pray."

—*The Current.*

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

XII.

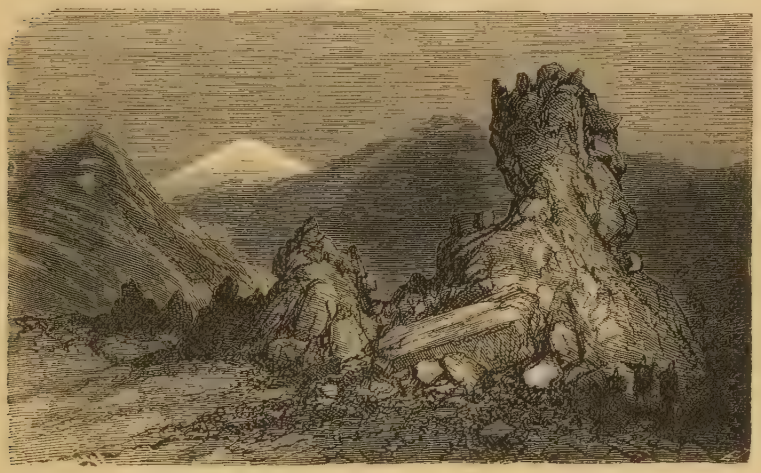
GLACIER, SNOWY SOUND.

January 18th.—The weather being bright and pleasant, a capital view was afforded us of the snow-clad peak of Mount Sarmiento, on the southern part of Tierra del Fuego. On the Fuegian side, as far as Cape de Espirito Santo, the land was low and uninteresting near the coast, but amidst the haze in the distance high, bleak, and rugged mountains were observed. We had now passed the meridian of Cape Horn, and were again in the Atlantic. A few hours later, and we were clear of the straits, passing Cape Virgin, a long, low, dark cliff sloping down at one end into the sea.

Jan. 22nd—This morning, amidst fog and haze, the Falkland Islands were reported. A few hours later we entered Port William, and soon after passed through the narrows, and had our first sight of the town of Stanley, anchoring within a short distance of the shore. On landing the first thing to notice is a small obelisk, erected in commemoration of the visit of Prince Alfred, in 1868, when in command of H.M.S. *Galatea*. I cannot call to mind any other settlement (except, perhaps, Tristan d'Acunha) more dismal and miserable, than this at the Falkland

Islands. The position they occupy in a commercial point of view is of great importance, being placed in the great highway from Australia, and to and from the west coast of America; they are certainly dangerous to approach, yet abound in safe harbours, with facilities for repairs and for obtaining refreshments, beef and mutton being both excellent and very cheap.

As we neared the coast of South America, the weather was much finer, and on the 15th we had a glimpse of the low land lying to the south of the River La Plata. Steaming on over a calm sea for some eighty miles, the fine panorama of Monte Video and its suburbs, with the harbour full of shipping, came



Volcanic Rocks—Land of Fire and Frost.

in view. The city seems a charming place, full of bright-looking, handsome edifices, built on the side of a hill. The River La Plata owes its name to the Spaniards, who transferred the produce of the silver mines of Chili and Peru, on its waters, to the ocean, and thence to Europe. The gold and silver were brought from those provinces across the Andes, to Buenos Ayres, from whence it was shipped. In point of magnitude this is the third river of the New World. At its mouth it is 100 miles wide, and off Monte Video it is 50. The city of Monte Video is laid out in the regular Spanish style. The Cathedral Square, with its charming gardens and pleasant walks, where the military bands play every evening, forms the principal promenade, and makes it

a cheerful and agreeable resort of the wealthy residents. The inhabitants swarm in the thoroughfares, where are incessant throngs of vendors, purchasers, and idlers, intermingled with every variety of conveyance; while the ear is stunned by the shrill conflicting cry of the ambulatory dealer of every conceivable commodity.

February 25th.—On clearing the land, the barometer gave indications of a coming change in the weather, and, ere long, the wind freshened, and rain fell in torrents. It soon became evident we were in for one of the Pamparas, for which the Plata and its vicinity have been long celebrated, and which owe their

Desolation Land.

name to the circumstance of their blowing from off the Pampas or plains.

The 13th March possessed an interest of its own for those on board, as on that day we crossed the course which had been followed some two years and a half before in the passage from Bahia to the Cape of Good Hope. Thus the actual circumnavigation of the world had been successfully completed, and at least the greater portion of the cruise happily achieved. Since leaving this position the vessel had sailed over about 44,000 miles. Some two hundred soundings, and nearly as many successful dredgings, had been taken in all the great oceans and channels of importance in our track, in depths averaging from

1,000 to 4,000 fathoms. The soundings and temperatures have supplied the material information, by which oceanic sections have been constructed, showing formation of the bottom, the depth, variation in the temperatures, the currents, and specific gravity, etc., in all the great seas sailed over. This, together with the abundance of material collected in the department of natural history and other scientific branches, will make this voyage one of the most important that has ever taken place.

On March 27th the solitary island of Ascension was in sight, rising alone in the midst of the vast Atlantic. The island as

Glaciers, Magellan Straits.

seen from the ship has a barren aspect, although warmed by the light colour of the sand. It is about nine miles in length, and five or six miles in breadth. The surface of the land consists of ridges of naked rock, hills of clinkers and cinders, and plains of ashes, dust and lava. The island is under the direction of the Admiralty, and used as a depôt for vessels employed on this part of the West African Station.

Ascension is famed for its excellent turtle, at one time considered the support of the island, the flesh being termed island beef. Large ponds are constructed for keeping the fish. During the season, from December to June, men are employed along the

sandy beach watching for the full-grown females to land for the purpose of laying their eggs. They crawl up the sandy beaches, and make a large hole by scooping the sand up with their flippers; having deposited their eggs in it, and carefully filled in the hole again, they prepare for their retreat to the water, but are intercepted by the watchers, who speedily turn them on their backs. At daylight they are taken to the inclosed ponds. Some of these captured weigh as much as seven cwt. On April 3rd we proceeded on our voyage for the Cape de Verde Islands, distant some 1,800 miles. We crossed the Equator on the 7th April, for the sixth time.

THE CITY OF MONTE VIDEO, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HARBOUR.

On the 26th April we picked up the trades, and ran on merrily through the Tropics towards the Azores, full of the hope of speedily seeing the coast of England. But our coal was soon consumed, and we were compelled to run into Vigo for a fresh supply. Just time enough was allowed for a scamper on shore, through the narrow, steep, and winding streets of the town, and only a glimpse could be had of its old walls and gates, its churches and quaint-looking houses, of all shapes, sizes, and colours, in white, red, or green.

With the wind fair, a capital run was made across the dreaded Bay of Biscay. The evening of the 23rd, the bright light on

Cape Ushant was seen; and the next morning we had our first sight of the English coast, as we passed up Channel amidst a very maze of shipping outward and homeward bound. Onward we go, sighting the old familiar headlands and landmarks, until at last the Needles are in sight. After a few hours' steaming we reach Spithead, and late on the 24th of May we anchor in English waters, after an absence of three years and a half. A few days more and we are at Sheerness and Chatham, amidst all the bustle and excitement attendant on returning stores and paying off.

Thus the cruise has been successfully accomplished, and the intentions of the expedition happily achieved. That it will exalt our national reputation to a very considerable extent, in one of the most popular branches of the service, cannot for a moment be doubted. The completions of surveys; the success of soundings; configuration of the depths of the great ocean, with its nature and temperatures, and the composition of its bottom, have all been investigated and carried out by the hydrographic staff; and Professor Thomson and his talented assistants may well be complimented on their labours, which have contributed such an abundance of material to the various departments of natural history and the other scientific branches under their direction. We now know that there are laws which govern the geographical distribution of marine plants and animals, as well as those we are familiar with on the earth's surface; of the myriads of curious creatures, organized with delicacy and beauty, existing in these previously unsounded depths; creatures with numberless eyes, and others without any; starfish, growing on long and slender stalks; of beautiful phosphorescent avenues of vegetation; fish of all hues, blue and gold, striped and banded, in all colours and sizes, from the tiniest infusoria to the huge whale.

It is impossible at present to foresee or estimate the vast amount of information that will result from this the greatest scientific expedition that ever sailed from any shore.

The last day has come (June 12th), when all these close associations will be severed; and each one of the *Challenger's* crew goes his own way, to seek relaxation and pleasure amongst home scenes and friends near and dear to him. A last shake of the hand, with "Good luck and good-bye!" and so now, to you, my reader, I say farewell.

THE OLD TRAIL OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE REV. EZRA A. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.B.

II.

My life in the North-West gave me some views of human nature which I never could get elsewhere. It may be surprising that among these should have been a more correct estimate than I ever before had made of the world's hunger, and of the sacrifices which multitudes are ready to make for the sake of love, and home, and honour. I had had a reasonable experience of the crowding populations of great cities, and had heard and read and seen something of the poorly-fed working-classes of the Old World. Yet none of these points of observation had given me such revelations on the points mentioned, as did a few touching cases that came under my notice, in the great land whose boundless acreage promises to be

> "The home of millions on their way,
> Whose hope begins a brighter day."

It was not the number of the cases referred to, nor alone the poverty and suffering experienced by them; but all the conditions involved impressed me most profoundly. There was the native land —the loved land of a thousand happy associations—left behind forever, without the shadow of an expectation of ever seeing it again; all the ties of kindred ruthlessly torn away, and memory almost forbidden to recall the past; and the face turned toward a land with a climate of well-known severity, in the hope of shaping a new home, embodying all the elements which the endeared word home represents. This, however, is a common experience. It falls to the lot of uncounted multitudes, and no one regards them as proper objects for pity. It was only when I saw this high hopefulness set over against the dark background of one discouragement after another, each increasing the gloom of the outlook, until at last death stepped in to close the ineffectual struggle, that I learned the full meaning of the world's full tide of emigration, and the rush of new peoples, breaking like the waves of the sea upon unknown shores. Then I was enabled to

feel how much men will bear and do to live in peace, and to have enough of food and clothing for self and family. A few bitter cases sufficed to show that the great masses of the world's population are not asking for wealth, nor personal consequence, nor influential positions, but simply for the privilege of living, by honest and upright means. I did not learn this sad truth at any great public meeting, nor in passing through the throes of any violent agitation, nor by reports in the newspapers; but in the Winnipeg general hospital.

This is an institution of really high importance. Its need began to be felt when the city was developing into such proportions as gave promise of some greatness in the future. A commodious wooden building was found away out on the prairie, at the north of the city, exposed to the winds from all the heavens, and a quarter of a mile or more distant from any other house. It afforded sufficient accommodation for the time, and was well fitted up for the purpose to which it was devoted. I may say in passing that, after serving for a few years, this building was superseded by a splendid structure, as conveniently situated, and as well adapted to hospital purposes as any that I have seen in any city in Canada or elsewhere. In both the old building and the new the medical attendance, and the character of the nurses, would not suffer disparagement in comparison with the hospitals of Montreal or Toronto.

This is the only institution, in all the North-West, that is thoroughly equipped to deal with the effects of accidents, and all the diseases, from which humanity can suffer. Consequently, in its wards are found representatives from all over the wide territories. I have seen there cases from as far east as Port Arthur, and from many points in the distant west. Some of these were touching in the extreme.

One Saturday morning a young man called and drove me through a storm of wind and sleet out to the building on the prairie. I went to see a man something past fifty years of age, so strong that he had never been sick, and did not know what it meant to be actually laid up. He had been absent from his home in Ontario for three years, and had come in from the country on his return home. A violent cold, a room in a Winnipeg hotel without a spark of fire for several days, developed a dangerous attack upon the lungs. The poor man could not understand it. He

wanted to go about the streets. His great strength was not conquered. At last, with difficulty, he was got into a bed in the hospital. When I got to him the battle was clearly going against him. He could speak with difficulty, but still he could not quite understand that he was really sick, much less that he was actually dying. As he sank lower he at last began to accept the fact that he must go out, and never see his home again. In great distress he gasped, rather than spoke:

"Write to my wife. Write her a real nice letter. She is a good woman. I have a lot of property in Rapid City. O dear! What shall I do?"

It was a tale too common. He was out there before the boom, doing his utmost for those he loved. Like others, he had known what it is to feel rich. In the inflation of values his lands had represented any amount of wealth. Then he had seen these fictitious values shrinking to nothing, and his dream had dissolved before he could carry home the report of his assured good fortune. Like others he had stood by, vainly hoping for a turn in affairs that would leave him some little of the great wealth he had felt himself in possession of, only a short time before. Wearied and discouraged, at last he turned homeward, leaving things to take their own course. From the hospital kind hands carried him in his coffin into the baggage car, and a few days after I saw him he entered his old home again.

I know of nothing more saddening than the spectacle of a man, made rich by the boom, recovering from his dream of affluence.

A few feet from where I saw this man, on another day I went to see one who had been brought in from the country with frozen feet. One had been amputated, and the other was to be removed in a few days. It had been thoroughly penetrated with the frost, and was dead and black as a mummy. His story was very affecting. He was the son of a Wesleyan missionary in the East Indies. All his life he had been accustomed to a hot climate. He returned to England, and married there. But England had no place where he could find room to stand. They would try the North-West. There was room enough there, and the British flag, which had waved over him all his life, would still be above their heads. They could earn a living, and they asked nothing more of this earth than to be allowed to do it. He had never taken any step in his life in which everything indicated more clearly that he was

in the path of Providence. Of course, the first year in this new home had not yielded any great return for his labours. He had taken a school for the winter months. The salary was pitiably small, but it would help. On Friday he came from his school to visit his family, and returning on Sunday afternoon was overtaken by a blizzard, and wandered for several hours, until his feet were destroyed by the frost. Some days later he was brought in to the hospital, and nursed by the hand of strangers. When I saw him he was sad and despondent. It seemed as if Providence were against him. He had not the vitality to overcome the suffering of the body and the depression of the mind. A week later he died, and was laid to rest by strangers, absolute poverty rendering it impossible for the widow to be present to drop a tear over his grave. It seemed to me like a hard struggle for love and home, and for a chance to live the allotted time on the earth. To me the meaning lay in the fact that this man was only one of earth's many millions, with whom the supreme battle in life is the effort to procure bread and raiment, and to maintain decency and honour. It is a reassuring fact that there are so many in the most humble positions who make honour and purity an essential condition to their success in life.

Other cases crowd upon my mind, of similar import. One a young Englishman, who had drifted all the way from the east to the mountains and back again, and at last was brought into the hospital from Port Arthur. He died, and then there came most touching letters from his parents and his wife in England, full of thanks for kindness shown, and coveting any token, even the slightest, which he had left. Another letter, baptized with a widow's tears, asking for any word of hope which I might have heard from her dying husband in the hospital. He had been absent from her for two years.

A man came from England, leaving, as many do, his family behind him, until he could make a home for them. He was in the employ of the railway, and got on fairly well. After about a year he wrote for them to come. In the meantime he took the typhoid fever, and was incapable of directing any communication to his wife, who was now on the way to join him. He died, and was buried on Saturday. Word came for him that she would arrive in Winnipeg early the following week. She came on with her two children, full of fond hopefulness, in the expectation of meeting

her husband in a restored home, trusting that their family circle would not be broken up again. But now she must be told that she would see his face nevermore. Who would bear such a message? Who could make it gentle enough? It was arranged that the minister of the Congregational church should meet her at the station, and take her to his own house. She, of course, expressed some disappointment in not being met by her husband, but supposed that some special duty had called him out of the town for the day. She was full of interest and enquiry about all she saw. The minister asked her when she had heard last from her husband. It was just before she left home.

"But had she received no word of his being sick?"

"No, she had not?"

Then, as if by revelation, she leaped at the truth at once.

"Was he dead?"

A single word opened to her the whole ghastly truth. As she sat there weeping, her little boy of about six years, not capable of understanding his or his mother's woe, began to strike the minister, saying:

"Stop making my mother cry."

It was a hard and bitter blow, but there was no remedy in the world. Nothing remained for her but to retrace her steps to the home she had left in the Old Land. Her voyage, made in all the joy of hopefulness, must be retraced under the shadows of an unspeakable sorrow. The rough railroad men, who had been her husband's fellow-labourers, showed what genuine, manly sympathy can dwell under a plain exterior. They started a subscription among themselves, and raised in the afflicted woman's behalf between $200 and $300. While she was sitting in the waiting-room at the station, before getting on the train, a number of the men came in and gave her the money. One of them counted it out to her all in $10 bills, laying down upon her lap one bill at a time, and as her tears rained down, he would say to her, "Don't cry, woman; I wouldn't cry, woman." But while he spoke the words, both himself and his comrades had to wipe their eyes with their big, sooty sleeves.

Oh, what a hard conflict millions of our brothers are waging for bread for themselves and families. I saw none of the high excitements of men who were becoming suddenly rich, but I saw too many in the disheartening process of being gradually stripped,

contesting at every step of the way for the privilege of keeping some little of the wealth they once supposed they owned. As brave battles are being fought on this line every day as any that were necessary to put down the rebellion. It is a hard tax on one's sympathy to daily meet men who are worthy of the highest honour and respect, and to be compelled to witness the loss of the battle by them. It is so natural to desire to rise to a better position in the world, and it is far from being a wholly selfish desire. A true man wants to put the woman who placed her hand in his for weal or woe in as good a position as her former companions enjoy, and to raise his children above the humiliations he may himself have suffered. As for himself he could go out into the street, and lie down under the snow, or endure anything, but the humiliation of those he loves is harder to bear than death. O! life has its bitter and sad experiences for many.

To any one who was in the North-West during the early part of the present year the memories of Riel's second rebellion will be full of thrilling interest. The city of Winnipeg occupies an interesting position in relation to the history of these events. It was the seat of the rebellion of fifteen years ago. It gave to the man Riel all the undeserved prominence upon which he has lived so long. It threw forward into bold relief some of the most striking events in the recent campaign. In fact, it may be truly said that they have an immediate connection with the Red River rebellion.

The explanation of this statement leads us to the name of one man who was thousands of miles distant from the scene of last spring's stirring transactions, but who should always be mentioned in any memoirs of that exciting period. That man was Col. W. N. Kennedy. He was a native of Peterborough, and accompanied the expedition under Lord Wolseley which went out to quell Riel's first insurrection. Once there he chose Winnipeg as his permanent home, and by his force of character, and genuine moral worth, he soon became, and continued to the end, a prominent figure in North-West affairs. No man in any community ever came nearer to enjoying universal confidence and love than did this man. He was one of the first men who bore an official position in Dr. Young's first church there. He retained this position of Circuit Steward until he died, without any abatement of influence.

His work was so satisfactory to the Government that he was rapidly advanced to the rank of Colonel. Through his energy and influence chiefly the 90th Battalion was organized and equipped. Its officers were among the wealthiest and best citizens of Winnipeg. Most of the men, if not all, belonged to that city. They were from the prominent families, including many students and professional men. The year 1884 was an active year with this battalion; many new members were enrolled and learned the drill. The Colonel had the satisfaction of seeing his command in splendid condition, and as well qualified for service as any in the country.

Then it became known that Lord Wolseley was about to undertake a very hazardous and responsible expedition into the Soudan. He remembered the efficiency of the Red River *voyageurs.* A contingent of these men must accompany him. Col. Kennedy was called upon to bring them out. In a few days he was able to report more than the required number of available men. At the last moment, contrary to his original expectation, he was constrained to go in command. This proved for him a final separation from his loved 90th which he had created. It is not the plan of this article to follow him, but it is worth mentioning that he became a member of Lord Wolseley's staff, that he and his contingent rendered invaluable service in the dangerous campaign, for which they received the thanks of the Queen in person, that after about six months they started homewards, that the Colonel was looking forward with delight to a reunion with family and friends; that somewhere on the way to London he contracted the small-pox, and entered London, not to delight in viewing its wonders, as he had written home hopeful of doing; but to go into hospital and die; and that the Imperial Government recognized his full merit, and in life and in death honoured him as a worthy son, and in such ways as to make all who knew and loved him feel an increase of affection for the Old Land. No citizen could have a more hearty expression of esteem and love from those who knew him best than Winnipeg gave to him on the occasion of a public service held in his memory.

This good man, far from the scenes of active conflict, laid his hand upon the rebellion of last spring through the splendid battalion which he had prepared for the worthy part it discharged, in its laborious march over the trail, and in battle at Fish Creek and at Batoche.

I recall an interesting incident, illustrative of the sudden surprises sometimes afforded to us in life. It came about in this way:

Late in January of the present year, the 90th Regiment had a church parade to Grace Church, Winnipeg. Many of the men were my intimate friends, and sat regularly in the church. None of us at that time had any idea that this battalion would ever see service, or any other battalions of our volunteers, for that matter. They regarded themselves as soldiers of peace. I did not therefore fear that I would cause any wounds if I indulged in some humorous allusions to their not being likely to become fighting men, while at the same time I strove to set forth the parallel between a true soldier and an earnest Christian. Working along this plan, among other things I said—the day was intensely cold—that I more than half suspected that they would be as well pleased to sit within reach of a good coal stove, as to stand in line before an advancing column, bristling with bayonets, and at every step puffing toward them the smoke of burning powder; but still I had the utmost confidence in the continued bravery of Britain's soldiers, and of our own volunteers; and I doubted not that, if needed, they would prove equal to anything the past had seen. If, however, they should never have a chance to wave their caps over the form of a dead Egyptian, or to impale a livid Fenian, or to run in a Sioux Indian at the point of the bayonet, still they represented the grandest idea in the Christian life, and so on. Well, it was only about two months before we were all startled by the news that the 90th had been ordered to the Saskatchewan. Then followed exciting days. The newspaper became a necessity of life. The sound of the bugle, a very common sound in those days, might be of the gravest import.

The story slowly told itself as the days went by. The march to the northward—through trails often under water, the lingering banks of snow on the right and left—

> "Drenched by the rain, and stormed by the sleet,
> To the earth freeze their beds, and their boots to their feet"—

on until the 24th of April, just three months, lacking one day, since I had rallied them as soldiers for times of peace, when they reached Fish Creek and met the enemy with so much honour to themselves. The next day in Winnipeg was spent visiting and sympathizing with relatives of the killed and wounded upon the

field. The day following was the Sabbath. Every mind in the congregation was possessed with the one absorbing thought, what was to come of it all. Despatches were numerous, and it was stated as certain that the battle would be continued on that Sabbath-day. There were in the congregation wives whose husbands were on the field, and parents whose sons were there, and there were children who that morning had looked into their mothers' faces and had asked, "Mamma, will my papa be killed to-day?"

It was a day not for subtle reasonings about theology, but for the practical application of every truth that could inspire confidence in God, and give comfort in trouble.

The whole story of the war was told—Batoche had fallen and Riel was a prisoner—when, on one of the brightest of May days, three coffins, containing men of the 90th, were carried into Grace Church. One of the men had died of an apparently slight wound received at Fish Creek, the others had fallen at Batoche. An hour before the time for the service two thousand people had filled every spot where a foot could be placed, and three or four times as many people crowded around the outside of the building. After an impressive service, the Montreal Garrison Artillery carried the men with military honours to the grave. The city had three such funerals as the result of the war, and a number of men will fight their way through life with a single hand, having given the other as their offering for peace. Those of us who had never before felt the meaning of war at our own doors, were enabled to realize what a war must mean to a people when thousands are slain in a single battle, and the struggle continues over years. Many in Canada could now read the story of the great conflict in the United States with a much better appreciation of all that it meant than they ever had before.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

To my friend a happy greeting
On this festal day;
May the God of peace be with you,
Keep and guide you on your way.
From my heart, my friend, I wish you
Many happy Christmas days;
Gifts are they from Him who loves us—
Spend them to the Saviour's praise.

ADVENT SONG.

THOU art coming, oh, our Saviour !
Thou art coming, oh, our King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent ;
In Thy glory all transcendent ;
Well may we rejoice and sing !
Coming ! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells,
Coming ! Oh, my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming !
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall show Thee ;
We shall bless Thee, we shall know Thee,
All our hearts could never say !
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet,
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

Thou art coming ! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne ;
And for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming, we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail ;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the vail.
Time appointed may be long,
But the visions must be sure :
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

Oh, the joy to see Thee reign,
Thee, our own beloved Lord,
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord,
Thee, our Master and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned ;
Unto earth's remotest end,
Glorified, adored and owned.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

A LITTLE HEROINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

It was at my publishers' that I first saw my little heroine—a slim, threadbare damsel of barely thirteen, with the frail, yellow-translucent, easily-drooping look of a balsam. It was magazine day, and the little maiden was rather startled by the bustle of the outer office. She was plainly a brave, business-like little body, however, and edging her way to the counter through the crowd of messengers who were squeezing up for, or away with, the piles of *Good Words* and *Sunday Magazine*, she thus addressed one of the clerks, in a tone, if I may make use of an apparent paradox, of tremulous *aplomb:*

"If you please, sir, I wish to see the Firm."

"The Firm" was first pronounced to be invisible, but the little girl quietly insisted that it must be visible to her. The Firm was next said to be particularly engaged.

"I will wait, then," answered the little maiden, and, backing out of the throng, she seated herself on a bench against the wall, with determination to keep on sitting there—like Theseus, till she did see the Firm—"writ large" on her wan, wistful, little face.

The clerk was a good-natured fellow. He noticed her wistful look, and asked whether he could take in any message for her.

"Be kind enough to say, sir, that I have called upon important *business*," the damsel replied impressively.

With this somewhat vague intimation, the clerk disappeared in the penetralia of the office. Presently he returned to say that the Firm could favour the little business woman with precisely a couple of minutes, and that he was to show her in. By-and-by she came out beaming; and making an old-fashionedly polite bow to her guide as she passed him at the counter, she tripped blithely out into the street.

When it came to my turn to be closeted with the Firm, I learnt the little maiden's business. She was canvassing personally to get her mother placed on the pension-list of one of the Hospitals

for Incurables, and had called to solicit the Firm's votes and interest. The manner in which the earnest little thing was managing the matter—time of election, number of votes which a subscription carried—everything she had got up completely. She was even up to the system of exchanging votes. When any one to whom she applied had not a vote for what she called "*my* hospital," but had one for another charity, she would beg *that*, to exchange with any subscriber to the hospital who might be disinclined to give her his vote without such consideration. All this she had explained to the Firm with precocious precision; and I could not help sharing the interest which the Firm took in her. In one way and another I got to hear of the course and the issue of her canvassing adventures, and will now relate them.

Agnes, when I first made her acquaintance, was lodging with her widowed mother in a street leading out of the East-India Road. The father had been a druggist somewhere in that neighbourhood, but had left his wife and child literally nothing. The widow—Mrs. Smith, I will call her for convenience' sake—had no friends to help her, and very little health and strength to enable her to earn a living for herself and her baby. Until Agnes was twelve years old, however, she had managed somehow to rub on by keeping a little day-school. But then, although she was by no means an old woman, her sight had suddenly failed, and in spite of what could be done for her at the Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital, she had never recovered it. She was not absolutely blind, but saw everything in a haze, which was almost more painful than total darkness; and this mist, the doctors told her, would probably deepen gradually until she entirely lost her eyesight. The little school had to be given up, and Mrs. Smith went with her daughter to lodge in the street I have mentioned. The mistress of the house was a peculiar woman, who had a queer habit of speaking of her husband as "Mine," and of taking the merest stranger into her confidence.

When first I called upon Agnes, the landlady and her slavey were loudly discussing in the passage a tax-paper that had just been left. "Betty," screamed the landlady, "you run after the man this minute. Like his impidence, indeed! Queen's Taxes! Does he know what it cost to keep this house together? An' me faggin' myself off my legs, because *you* ain't a mite o' use, and Mine as hard-workin' a man as you'll find this side o' river, or

tother either. You run after the man this minute, Betty, an' tell him not to try on with his Queen's Taxes here. I ain't a-goin' to pay 'em, an' that's flat. You tell him we won't have any of his cheatin' *here.*"

When Betty returned from her chase of the tax-collector, with a smirkingly-sulky "Please'm, he says it's all right, and you'd better pay, or else you'll be *made,*" the poor landlady became almost hysterical. "Betty," she shrieked, turning to the servant and myself alternately, "don't you tell your master when he comes in. Mine'll go out o' his mind, sir. Queen's Taxes! He shall have his night's rest, poor dear, an' I'll tell him in the mornin' when he's fresh to bear it. An' he slavin' as he do, an' me a-worryin' myself into my grave to keep a roof over our heads, with them lodgers eatin' us out o' house an' home. No, sir, I don't mean them as you've come to see. *They* keeps theirselves, poor dears. But there's that sailor feller allus a grumblin' because there ain't enough, he says; an' the tailor chap eats butter as if it growed on bushes. An' then we must pay Queen's Taxes! Ain't *she* a woman, an' ain't *I* a woman, I should like to know. Salmon would become my table as much as hern, but, bless ye, *I* can't get salmon. *I've* got to pay Queen's Taxes—to pay for her salmon, an' carriages, and thinx. What she want with a lot o' houses, an' make poor folks pay for 'em? I should be ashamed to do such a thing, if I was one as called myself a Queen, *I* should. What are you starin' for there, Betty? You go up and tell Mrs. Smith there's somebody wantin' to see her daughter. You should on'y have knocked twice, sir, if you wanted the second floor back. *Queen's Taxes!* The country's comin' to somethin' now. I must hide this thing away somewheres. Mine'll go out o' his mind if he ketches sight on it."

Agnes came tripping down the stairs, and led me into the grassy back-yard, where poor Mrs. Smith was basking in the sunlight, on a chair propped against a flagstaff, almost as high as the house. Some hinted disparagement of the landlady, which escaped me in the course of conversation, brought them both out warmly in her defence. Greedy vulgarian though she seemed, she had been almost delicately kind to them. A grand-daughter of the landlady's, of whom she was very fond, had been one of Mrs. Smith's pupils. Little Fanny had been very fond of Mrs. Smith and Agnes also, and they had constantly visited her in her last

illness. Accordingly, when Mrs. Smith was obliged to break up her humble home, the landlady had offered the widow the use of her second floor back, with an intimation that Mine could not afford to go without the rent, but that it might be paid "when convenient;" and although an infirm, hard-struggling woman, she had exerted herself to procure for Agnes the needlework by which the brave little girl "supported" her mother and herself: although too, the landlady grudged her sailor-lodger his bread and her tailor-lodger his butter, she sometimes, I found, supplemented the scanty commissariat of her female lodgers who "kept themselves." Agnes laughed heartily when she talked about "Mine;" but "*That* they have, mamma," she said earnestly, when Mrs. Smith gratefully remarked that both Mine and his wife had been kind friends to them.

When I got into the passage again, on my way out, the landlady was growling, "Drat those children—they're on my pales agin. Bring me a bucket o' water, Betty," she added in a stage-whisper. "Please to stand back a bit, sir, not to scar 'em," she then said to me, as she stealthily opened the front door. "No, there's on'y two up yet," she next soliloquised. "I won't waste the water. *Now* they shall have it." She had waited until half-a-dozen youngsters had mounted her palings, and were vigorously kicking them, meanwhile cheerfully chanting, "Haul away the bowline—the bowline—haul!" "There, you've got it now!" she shouted, as she rushed out, and adroitly cleared off the whole line with a drenching shot. "If Mine's got to pay Queen's Taxes, he shan't have his house pulled about when he's away, by a lot o' young wagabones. What are you a-larfin' for, Miss Agnes?" Agnes certainly was laughing most heartily, and I could not help joining her, although, if I had seen the landlady's performance before I had been enlightened as to her character, I might have been inclined to put it down as an additional proof that she was a cross-grained old vixen.

I chanced to see in one of the papers the list of successful candidates for the "Incurable" pensions that year—Mrs. Smith's name was not included in it. I felt sorry for her disappointment, and my brave little friend's, and then I forgot all about the matter, as we are too apt to forget things in this overgrown London. I was reminded of Agnes when next year I again saw a stale list without Mrs. Smith's name in it. Happening to be in

Broad Street at the time, I went to the station, took a ticket for Poplar, and found my way once more to the East-India Road.

"Oh, you're the gent as called once afore," said the landlady, in answer to my inquiries. "I thought p'raps you might ha' done somethin' for em'—on'y, ye see, you *didn't*. That's left for sich as Mine and me to do. An' we don't grudge it, though it's hard on hard-workin' folks like us to have to keep them as don't belong to us. Agnes, poor dear, is in hospital agin. Last year, when Mrs. Smith didn't get what Agnes was trying for, the poor gal took it to heart uncommon. She'd been buildin' her hopes on it, ye see, and it were dis'eartenin' when she'd been traipsin' about, when her work was done—an' givin' up her work, poor dear—to see folks as might ha' done somethin' for her, an' comin' back so pleased when they'd spoke her fair. I don't think much o' them charities as wants votes to get ye in. Them as has fewest friends is the ones as needs 'em most, and them's the ones as can't git 'em. Poor little Agnes! She took to her bed about a fortnit after the 'lection, as they calls it, 'cos next to nobody's 'lected, seems to me. Mine spoke to the gen'leman at the yard where Mine works, an' he give her a letter for the London Hospital. I went to see here there, *I* did, an' I took her mother with me. 'Mrs. Sprigg,' says she to me, when she went away in the cab Mine paid for, 'you'll take care of my mar, won't ye? I'll pay you some day, when I'm strong agin.' An' so she will, if she can, if she ever do git better, I'll take my davy o' that, poor dear. Well, out she come agin, and to work she went agin, as if her fingers were made o' iron, an' there was no tirin' out her poor little feet, trottin' about *canwassin'*, as she called it. But before last 'lection came, she were in hospital agin, dead beat. Mine got her in, though he was half-afeared to ask twice runnin', so close like. I've been to see her, but I hain't taken Mrs. Smith yet. Poor Agnes don't know but what she's in instead o' left on my hands. Though I won't complain. She do what she can, poor dear, though she hain't been much used to do anythin', let alone her bein' three parts blind. I'd like to get the rent of her room, me a-slavin' and Mine a-slavin', but Agnes 'll make it square, if she's the chance, poor little girl; an' if she can't, God 'll make it up to us somehow, I s'pose. I allus had a likin' for religion; and if He don't, it's pleasant to have done it—so what's the use of talkin' as if it worn't? They was both on 'em as kind as kind could be to my

little Fanny, and I'm a mother, though my Sam don't treat me as sich. Where he got it from, I can't make out, for Mine oodn't hurt a fly, let alone the wife o' his buzzum."

Agnes was aware of her mother's second failure when I called upon her in the long range of black and blackening brick, whose inside quiet, cleanliness, and comfort, sombre as it looks outside, makes it an oasis in the bustling, brawling wilderness of the Whitechapel Road. The brave little woman had not lost heart, however. As she lay upon her numbered bed, she was devising fresh canvassing routes, and as soon as she got out she started on them as hopefully as ever.

Twice when I called in the East-India Road Agnes was away from home. "She's out traipsin' again," said Mrs. Sprigg on one of these occasions. "An' it's a shame, I say, that she should have to go so far to git so little. Why don't some o' the fine folks she calls on give her the money out o' hand, an' have done with it? 'Twouldn't be so much to them as 'tis to Mine to pay her railway fare, an' it's horfen as Mine does that, sir, though sixpence is sixpence to hard-workin' folks."

This year, just after the "Incurable" election, I again chanced to meet Agnes at 56 Ludgate Hill. She was proudly piloting her mother through the outer office to the penetralia. The little canvasser's patient courage at last had conquered. The £20 per annum was secured for life. It does not sound much, but Agnes measured it by the trouble she had had to get it, and the comforts it would purchase for her mother. With £20 a-year certain to fall back upon, they were comparatively wealthy now, in her opinion. There was something sure for her mamma, at any rate, whatever might happen to her. But, stimulated by the delicious wine of success, and supported by the bread—however humble a crust—of certainty, Agnes had no more dread of disabling illness for herself now. She felt as if she could work forever, and would prosper in everything. Her pale face was flushed with triumph as she led her groping mother into the presence of the Firm, on whom they had called in their round of thanksgiving visits.

"And 'Mine' is going to take Mrs. Sprigg and mamma and me to the North Woolwich Gardens next Monday, because he says I'm 'a good-plucked un,'" Agnes told me, laughing with girlish glee, as I bade her good-bye. "They're kind people," she added more gravely. "They're both going to church with us next Sun-

day, though they're Dissenters, because mamma is going to return thanks. She wanted me to put 'for a loving daughter' as well as 'unexpected mercy' in the note to the clergyman; but I told mamma that would sound as if she was astonished that she *had* a daughter who was fond of her. I don't quite like the '*un*expected,' either. *I* always expected it; and why shouldn't I, when God is so good, and has made such a quantity of kind people?" *

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations;
The dark night is ending, the dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and good will to man.
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.
The dark night is ending and day is begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

* Several other sketches by the author of those admirable "Episodes in an Obscure Life" will be given in the MAGAZINE for 1886.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.

In these agricultural countries of Central Europe, nothing is so thoroughly done as holiday-making. There are many, especially in Catholic districts; but the king of all these is Christmas time. It is far too important to be disposed of with the festive commemoration of the grand event in religious history. That would be altogether inadequate to the accumulated power of making merry, which seems to have the result of counteracting the effect of Nature's winter sleep. Christmas has its prologue and epilogue. On the evening of the 5th of December the nursery, usually the scene of the wildest domestic riots, presents a most extraordinary appearance. It is the Eve of St. Nicholas' Day.

The children are gathered around father and mother and are whispering in subdued voices. There is an air of solemnity hanging over the whole room. In fact we are expecting nothing less than the visit of St. Nicholas himself, who, before letting us have his gifts on the morning of his fête day, wants to convince himself personally whether we are worthy of his bounty.

A long ring at the bell announces the arrival of this august personage. The door opens and St. Nicholas advances with slow and measured steps. We are dazzled and awe-stricken. Clad in a long, white garb and a flowing, white beard, with a mitre upon his head and a sceptre in his right hand, the Saint, in a sepulchral voice, asks us whether we have been good children? We dare not look up into his face, but answer with faltering lips in the affirmative, under the keenest apprehension of being presently contradicted by those who know better. However, our parents astonish us by their discretion and goodness, and confirm our audacious statement, for which we feel we owe them a life-long gratitude. The Saint expresses his satisfaction and a hope that he will find us still more improved next year; whereupon he empties the contents of a large bag fastened to his girdle on the floor, and whilst we are engaged in collecting the apples, nuts and gingerbreads, he disappears.

It was always a most impressive ceremony, but when afterwards I found out that St. Nicholas was no Saint at all, but only

the house porter, I was much disgusted and thought it a scandalous procedure.

Thus Christmas time begins for the children. It is only the 6th of December, and Christmas Day seems far in the distance, but the expectation of the coming happiness and wondering what "Christkind" is going to bring on his birthday are pleasantly occupying the minds of the little people during the interval.

Shorter and shorter the days become, thicker the snow, harder the ice, and greater the crowds in the narrow streets of old German towns. The stores are filled to repletion, the show windows look their best, and keep people puzzling what they are to choose for the Christmas-tree. At home, meanwhile, we find preparations are already actively on foot since November, and the female members of the family are spending every spare moment to be snatched in secret over the creation of impossible roses and other garlands and fancy work, for the glad surprise of some loved member of their circle, and to be finished at the cost of any amount of sleep before the 24th of December, when all presents must be laid out around the brilliantly-lighted tree. For a week before this date a brisk business has been carried on in young fir-trees at every *platz* and open space, until one wonders, if year after year of this destruction will not much injure future forests. From the emperor to the peasant, each family has to be provided; for a house without a Christmas-tree in Germany or Austria would be utterly melancholy; and no one dreams of stripping off its decorations till Christmas is universally declared over for this year.

What a variety of forms and what a uniformity in human nature!

In Germany and in the German countries of Austria, the Christmas-tree predominates.

There is the splendid, tall fir-tree, in its dark-green court-dress, being carted to the palace, to receive upon its stately branches the contents of a confectioner's shop. There is the small-sized tree, destined for the thrifty citizen's modest house; and there is a tiny little branch, which the poor man sticks into a big apple and places before his delighted children. But whether tall and stately, or modest and insignificant, they all come from the same forest; they all create the same happiness; and they all teach the same lesson. Far away from the noisy town, with its wealth and

luxury, the poor Dalmatian fisherman is sitting with his family around the fireside, on which the trunk of a tree is slowly burning to ashes, while the spectators express their wishes and their hopes, in grave, melodious songs. This is their Christmas. And again, high up in the north of Austria, the tillers of the soil, on the Eve of Christmas Day, fill the corners of their hovels with sheaves of various corns and strew their tables with hay; for on this evening —"the evening of fertility and bounty," as it is called in their expressive language—Nature's mysterious forces are working with redoubled power. This is their Christmas, which begins on the Eve of Christmas D y and ends on Epiphany, the 6th of January, the day of "the three Holy Kings," during which time the whole village forms one family, the servants are waited upon by the master, the neighbours entertain each other, and the young people wander from house to house, offering their good wishes and singing sacred Christmas carols. Friends throw corn on each other and sing:

Wheat and corn,
Let us sow;
Wheat and corn,
May you grow;
Pretty children
May you thrive
Evermore around
The fireside.

What variety. What uniformity!

But there are still tenderer and more interesting customs in Austria. On the Eve of Christmas Day, the peasant throws a goodly supply of corn on the fields around his house to surprise the birds by finding unexpected food the next morning; and in like manner the forester remembers the brute creation, for which he fastens hay on trees and poles.

Thus man in his happiness does not forget the beast, and by showing kindness to it testifies to the eternal truth of the community of all created beings, the recognition of which truth is the foundation of morality. To spread the knowledge of this truth, to promote mutual good-will, to give a taste of the happiness which can only be derived from actions dictated by a good heart: this is the essence of Christmas.—*The Current.*

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

XII.—HIS HYMNS AND METHODISM.

"One of the greatest blessings that God has bestowed upon the Methodists, next to the Bible, is their collection of hymns."

—*Fletcher of Madeley.*

"The wondrous triumphs of Methodism, placing her in the very van of Protestant denominations, have been owing not a little to her inspiring, almost inspired hymnology."—*Dr. John Lathern.*

It is aside from our purpose to tell what Charles Wesley did for his age in general, more than to indicate in passing how wide-reaching was the influence of his genius.

The epic poetry of England is rich and abundant, while its peasant poetry is poor and scant. Now Wesley's hymns and sacred verse did much to supply this deficiency. He became the poet of the common people. None had a better claim to be called the People's Poet. Travelling in the country, on one occasion, our bard overtook a Roman Catholic lad whistling a Methodist tune, and entering into conversation with this rustic youth, he found to his glad surprise that he had several of his hymns by heart.

The moral power of peasant poetry, in moulding national character and colouring national life, is universally recognized. It was the saying of Fletcher, of Saltoun, that he cared not who made the laws of a country if only he might make its songs. Charles Wesley was permitted, very largely, to make the songs of the nation, and who can estimate the extent of his influence in shaping, tinging and directing the life, especially the religious life of the common people.

But, of course, the theatre of his mightiest influence, the arena of his most signal triumphs, is the domain of Methodism. And here he is rivalled only by his brother. In contributing to the establishment, growth and permanency of this form of "Christianity in earnest," the honour, under God, who alone "causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the

savour of His knowledge by us in every place," is about equally divided for the most part between the two brothers. If every pin and cord of the Methodist tabernacle bears traces of the fingers, concinnate and active, of the legislative John, its precincts and services resound with the voice, sweet and songful, of the hymnic Charles. If the one "organized enthusiasm," the other fed its fires. If the one planted in the desert soil of degenerate national religious life vitalized truth, the other brought it out into blossom and made Methodism as a whole a form of "theology in bloom." Charles Wesley's hymns are an essential part of Methodism. They enter into its fabric from foundation to topstone. They are woven into its woof and determine its pattern. His songs were the white-robed choristering angels that celebrated its birth—the morning stars that were vocal at its creation. As soon as the day-break of Methodism dawns, our minstrel,

> "With new-spangled ore,
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,"

flooding the land with golden light. Instantly, like a lark, he mounts to meet the rosy glow. And later on in the dark night of persecution he becomes its wakeful nightingale, cheering the melancholy hours with song. And when at last our world shall be belted with rapturous melody, sweetest, loudest, highest of all, in one grand jubilee of triumph, shall ring the notes of the minstrel of Methodism.

What, then, has Charles Wesley achieved in this chosen sphere?

1. Charles Wesley's hymns have embalmed the distinguishing doctrines of Methodism.

They are the white linen and sweet spices that loving hands have wrapped about them with a devotion akin to that which the holy women paid to the sacred body of Jesus. John Wesley, speaking of a selection of hymns, mainly drawn from the works of his brother, calls them "a little body of experimental and practical divinity." In them essential truth is distilled as in pearl-like dew. In them the orthodox doctrines of evangelical Christianity are crystalized in imperishable forms, flashing from a thousand facets a light that shines from heaven. And like a polished mirror, his pure verse retains no tainted breath that lying lips would breathe upon it. It is now next to impossible to corrupt the great prose standards of Methodism, such as Wesley's

Sermons, Wesley's Notes on the New Testament, and Watson's Institutes, for a sure and certain talisman is provided in Wesley's hymns. These latter are inflexible to a compliant hand. Many of Watts' hymns and of Doddridge's hymns, by slight alterations, have been rendered acceptable to men who deny the cardinal tenets of the faith, but Wesley's hymns stubbornly refuse to turn to any wheel, or to answer to the touch of any hand, other than that which first gave them form. They have about them the fixedness of the compass, whose points are determined, and whose polarity is an inviolable law. Hence their value as a corrective of error. Here, away from the warping and deflecting influences of magnetic heresies and speculations, whether of science, philosophy, or theological dogma, the Methodist pulpit can ascertain its tried truths and saving certainties. Nor is this all. His hymns are a seed-basket from which busy husbandmen can scatter living truths—a harvest-field where "the mower can fill his hands, and he that bindeth sheaves his bosom,"—a granary richer than Egypt, where golden grain is garnered against days and years of famine.

Now, our minstrel would seem to have had this end in view in the composition of his hymns. It is ever his aim to embody, in simple verse, plain doctrine. He seldom

> "Cuts atwain
> The knots that tangle human creeds,"

or attempts to make "the heavens articulately shine;" his task is, rather, like the minstrel-monarch, "to open dark sayings upon the harp," to "gospelize the love divine," and,

> "Like some pink shell that will not cease
> Its murmur of the sea,"

to make his hymns vocal with the murmuring music of that ocean of truth which rolls and swells in the written Word.

2. Charles Wesley's hymns have been to Methodism a potent inspiration.

They have been whip and spur and corn to its willing workers. They have been the bells on its horses, jingling to the tread of prancing feet and bearing the consecrated sign: "Holiness to the Lord." They have made Methodists, the world over, like bees—

> "Singing masons building roofs of gold,"—

lightening their labour with song. Under their enlivening influence these busy toilers have worked harder, travelled faster, and achieved greater successes than they could otherwise have done. It is related of James Nasmyth that the rhythmic sound of a merry little steam-engine, introduced into his machine-shop, so quickened the strokes of every hammer, chisel and file in his workmen's hands, that it nearly doubled the out-put of work for the same wages. A similar story is told of a master tailor, in a certain country town, who employed a number of workmen. Somehow or other these men got hold of a slow, doleful, but very catching air, and for a time were found humming it to the movement of their needles, keeping time to the measured rhythm of their ditty. The result was their work was retarded and at the end of the week it was considerably behindhand. The music had done the mischief. The master tailor, who was evidently something of a philosopher, saw the secret at once and treated his men to lively airs, having a merry swing and a rapid movement; and soon the deft and nimble needles reverted to their accustomed quickness. Now, who can tell how much the hammers and needles of Methodism are indebted for their cheerful celerity to the rhythmic cadences of Wesley's hymns? Would its glad evangel, in less than a century and a half, have winged its way around the world, until to-day its doctrinal standards have been translated into almost every language of Europe, and its organization has become one of the mightiest, and its empire one of the vastest the world ever saw, numbering more than twenty millions of adherents,—would all this have come about but for Wesley's hymns? These in large measure are its pinions, and on them the everlasting Gospel shall fly to "them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

3. Charles Wesley's hymns have added fuel to the fire of Methodism.

As Professor Goldwin Smith very justly observes, "Methodism was born of a religious revival." It did not begin, like Adam, with a body; it began with a soul. And the secret of its power is the fire that burns in its bosom. This it is that makes Methodism what James Montgomery once said Carver Street Chapel, Sheffield, was: "A converting furnace." And wonderful, indeed, have been the moral miracles of this converting furnace. Into

it have been flung, by a happy providence, such a Shadrach as the now famous C. H. Spurgeon, and such a Meshach as Dr. Moffat, the apostle of Africa, and such an Abed-nego as Edward Perronet, the author of "All hail the power of Jesus' name," only to find "the form of a fourth" with them in the midst of the fire, to come forth at length to be the pride and ornament of other denominations; for all these men are indebted to Methodism for spiritual good. Now, have not Wesley's hymns helped heat, to sevenfold intenseness, this converting furnace? They have been as oil to its ardour, kindling to enthusiasm its soul-saving zeal. Each hymn is as a billet cleaved from the Cross—that sacred tree, instinct with the quickening Spirit. Nor will Methodist fire ever burn low so long as these billets are suffered to feed its flames, and Wesley's hymns are sung with old-time fervour.

4. Finally, Charles Wesley's hymns have done much to ensure the perpetuity of Methodism.

They are as salt wherewith it is seasoned, and while these retain the savour of their Gospel vitality, Methodism must continue to live.

Now, the perpetuity of Methodism was one of the pleasing dreams and fond hopes of its first propagators. When its founder laid the corner-stone of the City Road Chapel, he said: "Probably this will be seen no more by human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burned up." Later still, in 1784, when he settled the ecclesiastical system of Methodism, on the basis of the famous Deed of Declaration, explaining the provisions of that instrument he said: "I have not been labouring for myself, but for the whole body of Methodists, in order to fix them upon such a foundation as is likely to stand as long as the sun and moon endure." And this conviction was shared by others. The Rev. Vincent Perronet, a pious clergyman of the Church of England, and a coadjutor of the Wesleys, whom Charles called the "Archbishop of Methodism," once wrote: "I make no doubt, notwithstanding all the wiles of Satan, Methodism is designed by Divine Providence to introduce the approaching millennium." Nor, so far, has this prediction been falsified. Only let Methodism continue to aim at conversions and carry out its aggressive policy, and it cannot fail to grow. Magnitude is simply the multiplicity of the minute—the mightiest orb of matter being but an agglomeration of the tiniest, infinitesi-

mal molecules,—so the success of Methodism in soul-winning will be the measure and limit of its growth and perpetuity. As yet there are no signs of decadence. On the contrary, it does seem that in the remote future, when some artist, like Macaulay's New Zealander, shall take his stand on some broken arch or fallen column and sketch the ruins of man's proudest and stateliest pile, he shall sing, in the lines of Charles Wesley, as contained in one of his nineteen "Earthquake Hymns," published in London, 1750:

> "How happy then are we,
> Who build, O Lord, on Thee!
> What can our foundation shock?
> Though the shattered earth remove,
> Stands our city on a rock,
> On the rock of heavenly love."

And not the least factor contributing to this result is the sweet singer of our Israel.

And now our task is done. It has been a pleasant pastime to trace the outlines of a genius that well deserves to be more widely known. The foregoing papers are intended to be twelve apostles heralding anew a name worth perpetuating, and to lead to a more intelligent and devotional study of our incomparable hymns.

Never did a genius fulfil the gleams of its early promise more fully than did that of Charles Wesley. No disappointment is felt.

> "Northern lights the gloom adorn
> And give the promise of a morn
> That never turns to day;"

but it is not so with the brilliant play of his first poetic efforts. His sun rose with promise and set in splendour. And when the biography of consecrated genius comes to be re-written, and the laurels of honour impartially bestowed, foremost amongst the crowned heads of royal merit will stand

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS CAROLS.

From the time when the angels inaugurated the custom, hovering over the stall-cradle of the infant Jesus, carols and songs have ever been the favourite music at the festal season of Christmas, and antiquarians with all their researches have not been able to fix a date at which the popular idea of celebrating the Nativity was not carried out by singing and merry-making.

The old carols, however, were not the long religious ballads now popular among the peasantry of England, but ditties of good eating and drinking and general jollity, as may be learned from a rare manuscript poem of the Fifteenth Century :

> The lewid peple than algates agre,
> And caroles singen everi' criste messe tyde,
> Not with shamfastenes bot jocondle,
> And holey bowghes aboute ; and al asydde
> The brenning fyre hem eten, and hem drinke,
> And laughen mereli, and maken route,
> And pype, and dansen, and hem rage ; ne'swinke
> Ne noe thynge els, twalve daye thei woldi not.

This is the earliest allusion to the custom of keeping up the Christmas festivities for twelve days, which accounts for our modern Twelfth Night, a great theatrical and general holiday in England, but to which no attention is paid in this country. The ancient carol at the bringing in of the boar's head at Christmas dinners, still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, is as old as the first Henry, for at his coronation, in 1170, we learn that it was used, as follows :

> Caput Apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino,
> The bores head in hand bringe I
> With garlandes gay and rosemary
> I pray you all synge merreli
> Qui estis in convivio
> The bores head I understande
> Is the chief service in this lande
> Loke wherever it be fande
> Servite cum cantico.

Almost all the old carols have Latin burdens or intermixtures, showing their monastic origin, and it was when the English Reformation had established the Episcopalian liturgy that these Latin scraps were banished from the jovial songs of Merry Christmas, the time when everybody was feasted, and when the

meanest serving man, the lowliest peasant was welcomed to the most lordly banqueting hall, placed beneath the salt, and among the nobles and fair ladies sang his rude carols and played his merry pranks; as we read in an old author, "among the Christmas husbandlie fare, good drink, a good fire in the hall, brawne, pudding and souse, and mustard withall, beef, mutton and pork shred, pies of the best, pig veal, goose, capon, and turkey, cheese, apples, and nuts, with a jolly carol to the tune of 'King Solomon.'"

Many of the early Christmas carols are rude in structure, defective in rhyme, and of a childish simplicity in matter which appear very comical to our enlightened generation, while some deal with miracles appertaining to the incarnation, of which nothing short of the most primitive piety could permit the recitation. Of this latter class is the Carol of Holy Mary and the Cherry Tree, still, in a somewhat modernized form, sung by the peasantry and lead miners of the Derbyshire Peak. It commences:

Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he
And he married Mary,
Queen of Galilee.

Christmas carols were not confined to the birth and boyhood of Christ, but were moulded on other Scriptural subjects, one being called Dives and Lazarus, commencing in the following whimsical manner, which, when drawled out solemnly by a Derbyshire psalm-singer, has a most ludicrous effect:

As it fell out upon a day, rich Dives sicken'd and died,
There came two serpents out of hell, his soul therein to guide.
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives, and come along with me,
For you've a place provided in hell, to sit on a *serpent's knee.*

Another very curious carol of Christmas-time printed on ballad paper, in black letter, may yet occasionally be found pasted on a Derbyshire cottage wall, which is headed "Christus Natus Est," and which is ornamented with a rude wood-cut of the Nativity, in which are seen a number of domestic animals, with labels issuing from their mouths. Thus the rooster crows, *Christus natus est.* (Christ is born.) The raven asks, *Quando?* (When?) The cow answers, *Hac nocte.* (This night.) The ox bellows, *Ubi? Ubi?* (Where? where?) The sheep bleats *Bethlehem*, while a dove, coming out of a cloud, bears in its beak the legend, *Gloria in Excelsis.*

Very many of the early carols have been irrevocably lost, as they were handed down orally from generation to generation and never became imprisoned in type, and these of the most singular character, too. Old crones crooned them over to the cradled babes, and young maidens learned them from their grandmothers, but cheap literature and national schools have banished these customs, and the carols have gradually faded from memory, a fragment, a stanza, or a line here and there being heard from the lips of a shepherd-lad or a Derbyshire milkmaid.

In spite of modern change and novel manner, there seems to be a growing fondness for making much of Christmas, and long may it be before its celebration shall become obsolete as its carols. The merry time is at hand and we are able to sing in the words of one of the oldest of these English folksongs:

Good Christians, rise; this is the morn
When Christ the Saviour He was born;
All in a stable so lowlee,
At Bethlehem in Galilee,
Rejoice! our Saviour He was born
On Christmas day in the morning.

—*The Current.*

ANE SANG OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

"I COME from hevin to tell
The best nowellis that ever befell:
To yow this tythinges trew I bring,
And I will of them say and sing.

"This day to yow is borne ane childe.
Of Marie meike and Virgine mylde,
That blessit barne, bining and kynde,
Sall yow rejoyce baith heart and mynd.

"My saull and lyfe, stand up and see
Quha lyes in ane cribe of tree,
Quhat babe is that, so gude and faire?
It is Christ, God's sonne and aire.

"O God, that made all creature,
How art Thow becom so poor,
That on the hay and stray will lye,
Amang the asses, oxin, and kye!

"O my deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare Thy creddill in my spreit,
And I sall rocke Thee in my hert,
And never mair from Thee depart."

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

THE STARLIGHT OF BETHLEHEM.

I DREAM of a time when the world shall be,
Restored to its ancient purity,
When another Eden, serene and blest,
In the light of eternal day shall rest.
When its pastures green and its waters still,
Mountain and valley, and river and rill,
Its gentle glades and its meadows broad,
Shall gleam again in the smile of God.

I dream of a time when the wrong shall fall,
And the right and the good reign over all;
When the gentle word and the kindly deed
Shall come like balm to the hearts that bleed;
When the leper shall wait at the pool no more,
Nor Lazarus starve at the rich man's door;
But man shall be true to his fellow man,
And the Levite become the Samaritan.

I dream of a time when the slave's sad cry
Shall change to an anthem of liberty;
When into his sorrowful life shall come
The bliss at the new millennium.
When light shall illumine his desolate prison,
And the slumber be broke and the sleeper arisen,
And all through the ages his jubilant song
Ring out the glad triumph of right over wrong.

I dream of a time when the turmoil of creeds
Shall cease, and give place to beneficent deeds;
When men strive their duty no more to fulfil
In speaking the Name, but in doing the will.
When hatred shall vanish and calumny end,
And man find in man but a brother and friend;
When heart shall with heart in full sympathy meet,
And all bow in love at the Nazarene's feet.

Thank God that the starlight of Bethlehem
Still shines through the mist of humanity's dream:
That all through the ages the angels again
Announce the glad tidings of peace unto men.
Thank God for the mercy encompassing all,
For the love watching even the sparrows that fall,
And the promise that stands, as it ever has stood,
That the earth shall be filled with the glory of God!

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;

A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER XIV.—SKIPPER GEORGE HOLDS SERVICE ABOARD.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them.

All the storms will soon be over,
Soon we'll anchor in the harbour,
We are out on an ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.
—*Home Beyond.*

Where there's no more "Topsail haul,"
And there's no more "Hard-a-lee."
—*Sea Song.*

Skipper George Netman's schooner, the *Foam-Crest*, or, as the fishermen generally called her, the *Cres'*, lay at anchor one bright September Sunday morning in the harbour at Grady, Labrador. It had been, as the fishermen say, "a middlin' good v'yage" that summer, and the schooner was well filled with fish, and bound home. The hard work of the Labrador fishery, with its increasing toil by day, and its nights of broken rest, was over for another season, and as the men leaned over the bulwarks they chatted freely and rejoicingly at the prospect of being home "afore next Sunday."

At Labrador, the winter sets in very early, and already there was snow on the high lands in the neighbourhood, and a slight coating of "sish" or ice-scum on the harbour, which the bright sun had not yet quite dissipated. Several schooners, bound home like the *Cres'*, were at anchor at short distances from her, and, through the sharp, still morning air, there came, ever and anon, the murmur of conversation or the sound of whistling or of singing.

"Most time for pr'yers, baint it?" said one of the men.

"Yes, 'tis," said another. "You'll have the skipper on deck d'rectly, singin' out to h'ist the flag."

"Wonder if any o' them schooners is goin' to have pr'yers aboard," said the first speaker.

"Don't know any of 'em," was the response; "I bin tryin' to see if I could make out where they belongs to. They're all strangers; though seemin' to me I've seen that far-off one there, painted green with a white stripe, somewhere about Twillingate."

"So 've I," said another; "if I baint mistaken, that's Skipper Jimmy Youngs's craft, from the Back Harbour o' Twillingate, and he's a great man for pr'yers, same as our own. Ah, here's the skipper comin' on deck. We'll have the word now, I s'pose."

"Good morning, boys," said Mr. Netman. "I'm glad we've got a fine Sunday. Tom, run up the flag there, and let's show our colours. Do you know any o' those schooners, boys?"

"We was just sayin', sir, that they seems to be strangers, mostly, though Jack thinks that green one with the white stripe is a Twillingate craft."

"Which one? Oh, yes; Jack is right, that is James Youngs's new schooner. A couple of you take the punt, and row off, will you, and tell him that I'd be glad if he'd come over, and we'll have service on our schooner. You might go round and tell the men on the other craft, too. There's plenty o' time."

In a few minutes the punt was off on her mission, and the flag floating at the main-truck announced to all who saw it the proposed gathering for worship. It was a large white flag, with the word BETHEL in red letters upon it—a present from Mrs. Fairbairn to Skipper George, and highly prized by both him and his crew; and on every Sabbath during the summer it had spoken out silently yet clearly the principles and practices on board the *Cres'*, and invited all who saw it to come aboard for worship.

Once, indeed, the Labrador voyage was a constant scene of Sabbath-breaking and sin, and men acted almost universally as if there were no God, and no obligations north of the Straits of Belle Isle; but, for many years, that has been greatly changed, and to-day, thanks mainly to the faithfulness of Methodist preachers, and the leavening of the people with Methodist doctrine, there are few harbours on all the Labrador coast in which you will not find, as the Sabbath-day comes round, one or more schooners flying the Bethel flag, and many earnest men, able and willing to hold service and gather their comrades and neighbours together for prayer.

In a half-hour or so after the hoisting of the flag, quite a goodly congregation, each schooner in the harbour furnishing its quota,

had assembled on board the *Cres'*, and the somewhat small cabin was crowded to excess. It was an interesting sight, too—that company of strong, hardy men in their rough garb, clean and tidy, indeed, in their Sunday suits, and bronzed and roughened from exposure to sun and storm.

There was a certain amount of fun and mischief half-repressed in the eyes of some of the younger men and lads, proceeding, however, rather from the exultation of relief from work than from irreverence or levity; but the older men sat there with a serene seriousness upon their faces that betokened an intense interest in and enjoyment of the exercises of the hour, and a quiet solemnity rested upon all the faces as Skipper George gave out the first hymn:

> O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise.

How they sang it—to be sure! The tune was some old-fashioned one, full of grace-notes and repeats, that had filtered down through years of congregational singing, gaining in queerness by the filtering, until it now contained notes and repeats that would have astounded the original composer; but there was a swing in its chorus-like repetitions that made it a great favourite with the hearty singers, and it rolled and swelled and reverberated around the cabin and up through the companion-way—a volume of rough but soul-stirring melody.

After the singing came an earnest prayer, emphasized by loud amens and expressions of assent from the listeners, and then Skipper George opened the Bible and read the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. As he came to the words, "*I pray for them*," he stopped suddenly, and, resting the Bible on the table before him, he said: "Friends, I'm thinkin' of something that happened four years ago this very Fall. We were comin' from St. John's to Caplin Bight in Green Bay, with our winter's provisions, in the month of November, just the first week in November, it was. The sky looked ugly when we left, but we was anxious to get home; so we started with a light, southerly wind, about one o'clock in the day, and before night we got a good piece on our way. Just before nightfall the wind came more eastern, and it set in a nasty drizzle, but I thought we'd get to Seldom-Come-By before the weather set in, for I could see very well that we were in for a breeze from the north-east, and some real dirty weather. So we

pressed on as well as we could with the scant wind, all through the night. Towards morning I saw 'twas getting thick o' fog, and the wind was getting more ahead, an' the sea rising very fast.

"Howsever, I knew I'd set my course all right, and that we hadn't run far enough yet to be in any danger from the land, so we kept on, just dodging along nearly head to wind. Well, so the day passed; wind and sea both rising, and fog as thick as I ever saw it. Night was coming on again, and I knew we must be in a ticklish place, but all we could do was to keep her head to it, and make all as snug as possible; so I had everything settled away nicely, and prepared for a bad night. My wife and a couple of other women were in the cabin, and I battened down the hatch and fastened everything up securely. The sea was running very high, making a clean breach over her from stem to stern, sometimes, and the wind was so high that we were reefed down pretty close, I tell you; just enough canvas on to give her steerage-way. I stationed the men on the bows and amidships, to keep as good a look-out as they could, and to listen for the rote of the breakers, for I felt sure we must be drifting near dangerous ground; and I took the helm myself.

"That was an awful night. Hardly one of us stirred for hours, myself at the wheel, and the men with their eyes fixed on the darkness, and their ears strained to catch the rote. The noise of the wind and sea was deafening, and we were drenched and blinded by the seas that constantly swept over us. Well, to come to my point. As I stood there at the wheel all through the night I could hear my wife and some of the other women in the cabin below us, praying that God, in His mercy, would deliver us from our danger. Hour after hour they prayed, oh, such prayers; and I listened as I stood at the wheel, and the strength of those prayers seemed to come into my hands and my heart. Then sometimes they'd sing:

> 'Through winds and storms and waves,
> He gently clears thy way;'

or,

> 'Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel!
> Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;'

or some other encouraging hymn that sent life into me, as I stood there, almost numb with the cold, and expecting every

minute to hear the cry of 'Breakers!' and, perhaps, be dashed to pieces in an hour. How I thanked God for those prayers, and how, by-and-bye, the faith of those women seemed to kindle my own and to make me feel that all would be right. And then this very verse came into my mind, 'I pray for them,' and I thought of Jesus with His disciples in the storm on the Sea of Galilee, and how easy it was for Him to bring us safe through. 'I pray for them;' —it came to me with such comfort. I, His child, in danger, and He, knowing it, and praying for me. And I gripped the wheel all the tighter as I thought of it, and thanked my God for the assurance of His love and care.

"Well, towards morning the wind veered a little and dropped, and the fog cleared up somewhat; and by daylight it was blowing just a light breeze from about west-nor'-west, and quite clear, so that we could see where we were. There was the land on the port bow, about a quarter of a mile off, and one long line of foaming breakers for miles; and we must have drifted in the night along the very worst part of the Straight Shore, and I needn't tell you, friends, what that place is like in a gale of wind and heavy sea. We must have drifted close along by the rocks on that awful lee-shore; and how we scraped along, as I may say, without touching them is more than I can tell. I believe there wasn't a minute that night, hardly, but we were in instant danger; but out of it all the good hand of God brought us, and I never read the verse since, or think of it, without that scene coming up to me.

"Dear friends, we need the prayer of Jesus, in the struggle of life always, and, thank God, we have it. 'I pray for them,' He says; and if we are His, that prayer goes to God morning, noon, and night, for our well-being, our guidance and our deliverance in storm or calm, on sea or land. We're homeward bound to-day—to our earthly homes—and we've yet many a mile of sea to get to them, and many a rock and ugly bit of coast to keep clear of; but 'I pray for them,' He says, and if we trust Him it will all be right, never fear. An' some of us are homeward bound for heaven, thank God; and, though 'tis often 'hard toiling to make the blest shore,' as the hymn says, yet we shall cast anchor there some day, never fear, if we are faithful, for He's praying for us, and the Father hears Him always.

"Yes, friends, we are all bound home for Newfoundland, but

are we all bound home to heaven? P'raps not. P'raps there are some of us that hope to get there without Jesus. Well, friends, we won't. We won't. We'll drive on the lee-shores of sin and be lost, unless we have Christ as our Saviour. 'I pray for them;' why, there isn't a man in this cabin that Jesus isn't praying for —not one. If we're His, He is praying that we may be kept from the Evil One, and if we are not His, He is praying, 'Spare him yet another year.' He's prayed that for some of us perhaps a good many years, and we've been kept along, kept along, from year to year, just by the prayer of our loving, long-suffering Saviour. What is it to be, friends,—the harbour or the lee-shore? Shall we work along with Jesus and let Him help us, or shall we baffle Him and all His love and longing, and power to save us? 'Tis for us to settle; 'tis for us to settle. May we all settle it to-day."

A deep seriousness rested upon the faces of the little company during the Skipper's short address, and the stillness showed how close was the attention with which he was heard. The half-dozen prayers which followed were intensely earnest and full of spiritual energy, and touching though homely pathos; and when the meeting was over, and the men were moving off in their punts to their respective vessels, it was evident from the absence of the usual chatter and banter, and the almost universal silence which prevailed, how deep were the impressions that had been made, and how solemn the feelings which the service had evoked.

"Well, Skipper Netman," said one old man, as he was leaving the *Cres'*, "I can only love and t'ank 'ee for the word you give us this marnin'. It did my old heart good. I bin beatin' about a good many year, but I'm bound home, t'ank God, and I know Jesus is prayin' and lookin' out for me, yonder. I won't be able to git over to prayer-meetin' to-night, so I'll bid 'ee 'Good-bye,' and if we never meet here agen, I hope we'll anchor together in the harbour above."

Kind reader mine, we, too, part here. These "short and simple annals of the poor" must now come to a close. Possibly we may meet again; just as possibly we may not. In any case, I must now say "Good-bye," and, in the parting words of the old fisherman, "I hope we'll anchor together in the harbour above."

FINIS.

THE THREE PILGRIMS.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

In days, when the fruit of men's labour was sparing,
And hearts were weary and nigh to break,
A sweet, grave man, with a beautiful bearing,
Came to us once in the fields, and spake.

He told us of Roma, the marvellous city,
And of One that came from the living God,
The Virgin's Son, who in heavenly pity,
Bore for His people the rood and rod.

And how at Roma the gods were broken,
The new was strong, and the old nigh dead,
And love was more than a bare word spoken,
For the sick were healed and the poor were fed.

And we sat mute at his feet, and hearkened:
The grave man came in an hour, and went,
But a new light shone on a land long darkened;
The toil was weary; the fruit was spent.

So we came south, till we saw the city,
Speeding three of us, hand in hand,
Seeking peace and the bread of pity,
Journeying out of the Umbrian land;

Till we saw from the hills, in a dazzled coma,
Over the vines that the wind made shiver,
Tower on tower, the great city Roma,
Palace and temple, and winding river.

And we stood long in a dream and waited,
Watching and praying and purified,
And came at last to the walls belated,
Entering in at the eventide.

And many met us with song and dancing,
Mantled in skins and crowned with flowers,
Waving goblets and torches glancing,
Faces drunken, that grinned in ours:

And one, that ran in the midst, came near us—
"Crown yourselves for the feast," he said,
But we cried out, that the God might hear us,
"Where is Jesus, the living bread?"

And they took us each by the hand with laughter ;
Their eyes were haggard and red with wine :
They haled us on, and we followed after,
"We will shew you the new God's shrine."

Ah, woe to our tongues, that, forever unsleeping,
Harp and uncover the old hot care,
The soothing ash from the embers sweeping,
Wherever the soles of our sad feet fare.

Ah, we were simple minds, not knowing,
How dreadful the heart of a man might be ;
But the knowledge of evil is mighty of growing ;
Only the deaf and the blind are free.

We came to a garden of beauty and pleasure—
It was not the way that our own feet chose—
Where a revel was whirling in many a measure,
And the myriad roar of a great crowd rose.

And the midmost round of the place was reddened
With pillars of fire in a great high ring—
One look—and our souls forever were deadened,
Though our feet yet move, and our dreams yet sting.

For we saw that each was a live man flaming,
Limbs that a human mother bore,
And a thing of horror was done, past naming,
And the crowd spun round, and we saw no more.

And he that ran in the midst, descrying,
Lifted his hand with a foul red sneer,
And smote us each and the other, crying
"Thus we worship the new God here.

"The Cæsar comes, and the people's pæans
Hail his name for the new made light,
Pitch and the flesh of the Galileans,
Torches fit for a Roman night."

And we fell down to the earth, and sickened,
Moaning, three of us, head by head,
"Where is He, whom the good God quickened?
Where is Jesus, the living bread?"

Yet ever we heard, in the foul mirth turning,
Man and woman and child go by,
And ever the yells of the charred men burning,
Piercing heavenward, cry on cry.

And we lay there, till the frightful revel
Died in the dawn with a few short moans

Of some that knelt in the wan and level
Shadows that fell from the blackened bones.

Sick with horror and numb with pity,
The heart of each as an iron weight,
We crept in the dawn from the awful city,
Journeying out of the seaward gate.

And the great sun came from the sea before us,
A soft wind blew from the scented south;
But our eyes knew not of the steps that bore us
Down to the ships at the Tiber's mouth.

And we prayed then, as we turned our faces
Over the sea to the living God,
That our graves might be in the fierce bare places,
Where never the foot of a live man trod.

And we set sail in the noon, not caring,
Whither the prow of the dark ship came—
No more over the old ways faring—
For the sea was cold, but the land was flame.

And the keen ship sped, and a deadly coma
Blotted away from our eyes forever,
Tower on tower, the great city Roma,
Palace and temple and yellow river.

OTTAWA, Ont.

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

WE come not with a costly store,
O Lord! like those of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of Gold;
No weepings of the incense-tree
Are with the gifts we bring;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified;
The fragrant graces of the mind
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

THE HIGHER LIFE

THE HEART'S CHRISTMAS.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around;
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound,
The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

CHRISTMAS.

All along the Christian centuries of the past, Christmas-tide has come like a light from heaven into the darkness of earth. Though often associated with quaint and superstitious notions and customs, yet through all there have been gleams of gladness; and the central thought, that there was in the event commemorated a cause of thankfulness and joy for the world, was always visible. Christmas-eve used to be held as a solemn vigil. The cattle, as representing those at the stable at Bethlehem, were believed to fall on their knees at midnight; the bees, too, were said to sing in their hives at that hour; and bread baked on Christmas-eve was said to never become mouldy; all conveying the idea that all nature sympathized with the advent of Christ. Nearly every Christian country has some peculiar customs which gather around the celebration of this day.

The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ to redeem and save the world is an event that possesses equal interest for all classes, rich and poor, bond and free. He is the Saviour of all men, though in an especial sense the Saviour of them that believe on Him. This is the season when the hearts of members of the same family are drawn more closely together, whether at home or abroad. How much has the religion of Christ done to bless and sanctify family relations! But amid the playful gladness of the Christmas hours, every one should find some time to ask himself, whether the great object of the coming of Christ into our world has been fulfilled in him. It is only to them who receive Him into their hearts that He gives power to become the sons of God.—*Guardian.*

Lessons from the Manger.

More than eighteen hundred years have passed since the star of Bethlehem guided the Persian seers to the manger where our infant Lord lay. Probably the wondering Magi had a long and toilsome journey over dreary waste and rugged mountain before they reached the fulfilment of their hope. Several weary months had been consumed by Ezra and his band long ages before, when they travelled from Persia to Jerusalem. We may reasonably suppose tbat these wise men from the East consumed no less time in their journey. During each day that heavenly star may have been partially obscured from their view; while, during the night-season, the royal splendour broke in fulness upon their pathway, giving certainty to every footstep, and enabling them to march forward with gladness and expedition. In all this a suggestive lesson is taught us.

We are journeying toward our heavenly Jerusalem, the place of our Lord's eternal habitation. We expect to see Him. Our hearts are full of treasures to pour forth at His blessed feet. But we are here strangers and pilgrims. The wastes we now are traversing are sometimes wide and sterile; the mountain steeps we must climb are occasionally high and rugged. Nevertheless, human life is not all night; it has its day for everyone of us; its music is sweet; its earth-born fellowships are attractive; its prosperity, when health is full and its joy unstinted, is sometimes enough to make us wish to "live alway." But when the face is flushed with the sunshine of worldly prosperity, so that the gleaming light from the guiding star above us is well-nigh obscured from our view, then is the hour of danger to us. The march toward the final goal may then become uncertain. How liable we are to be diverted by trifles, and to miss the highway that has been cast up for the redeemed of the Lord. A worldly spirit may then take possession of us. At such a time the need of supernatural illumination is not usually so apparent to our minds. We lean upon our own wisdom.

O pilgrim, with your face turned toward the Holy City, recall your own life. It was during the nights of your earthly travel that Jesus shone brightest upon your soul. Affliction came upon you, darkness fell about you; the light seemed to have gone, forever gone. You said, "Will God be gracious? Is he any more my Father?" Then it was that your heart looked upward

away from this earth, whose pleasure had so charmed you in your prosperity. You saw, as never before, your Saviour:

> For darkness shows us worlds of light
> We never saw by day.

We anticipate the opening of a new year, soon to dawn upon us. What will be its experiences, whether of joy or sorrow, we now cannot tell. But one thing may be as real to us all through the year as it was for the wise men of the East—the guiding star. Shining alike in nights of prosperity and in nights of gloom, no one need wander from the royal road. High above the arch of our daily life, a chorus of angel voices will break forth in benediction, as we go forward. Coming at last into the immediate presence of our Lord, we shall evermore worship Him in that city "which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

"GIFTS UNTO MEN."

Ah! what gifts has He not bestowed! Think, as the sweet bells ring through the midnight, of His gift of peace. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your h[illegible] be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Have there been midnig[illegible]urs in your heart-history this year? Does the Christmas mo[illegible]g rise in mist and tears? Hear the message of the bells, "My peace I give unto you." Has the circle of loved friends which used to enfold you so closely broken and widened and melted from your touch until you feel almost alone in the midst of holiday rejoicings? Hear the message of the bells, "Give I unto you." "Not as the world giveth"—the changing, fleeting world. Is the prospect before you uncertain? Hear the melody ringing, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Precious gift! the gift of His "perfect peace," to the heart that is stayed upon Him.

Think of the gift of His love, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." There is very little human love like that, however precious it may be. The same in all our changing moods and circumstances; grieved by our coldness, but itself unchanged; wounded by our neglect, but itself faithful; finding expression in word and act each day of our life, even when our lips are dumb and our hands offer no service. O! the wonderful gift of His love!

Think of the gift of His word; the exceeding great and precious

promises wherein our hearts find anchorage in every stormy tide. We have had this gift so long, and its use is offered so freely, that sometimes we forget its value. But the grass withers, the flower fades, and amid the winter of the heart we turn with thankfulness to "one of the sweet old chapters" to find that the word of our God stands forever. O, the priceless gift of His word!

Think of the gift of His Spirit; the Comforter whom He has sent to abide with us forever; the reprover of sin; the regenerating spirit; the witnesser of the Father's love; the sanctifier; the inward intercessor; the guide into all truth.

Think of the gift of Himself, O child of God. Happy is thine estate this Christmas morning. Thy gifts are more than thou canst number, for with Himself He has freely given thee *all things.*

What are thy gifts to Him?—*Mrs. J. H. Knowles.*

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

[The two following rare old English Christmas Carols are probably the oldest in the English language. They were found by J. Wright, Esq., of the Percy Society, in a MS. of the fifteenth century. The first is given word for word in its old style; the latter is modernized in language that it may be better understood by those not given to mediæval studies.]

CAROL I.

To blys God bryng us al and sum,
Christe, redemptor omnium.
In Bedlem, that fayer cyte,
Was born a Chyld that was so fre,
Lord and Prince of hey degre,
Jam lucis orto sidere.

Jhesu, for the lowe of The,
Chylder wer slayn grett plente
In Bedlem, that fayer cyte,
A solis ortus cardine.

As the sune schynth in the glas,
So Jhesu of hys moder borne was;
Him to serve God gyffe us grace,
O lux beata Trinitas.

Now is he oure Lord Jhesus;
Thus hath he veryly vysyt us;
Now to mak mery among us,
Exultet cælum laudibus.

CAROL II.

Sweet Jesus now has come to earth
At this good time of Christmas,
Wherefore let us praise His birth
And welcome our Messias.

Welcome be this blessed Feast
Of Jesus Christ in Trinitie,
Who comes to give us rest
And joy and peace and charity.

In time of peace this child was born,
As prophets showed, in days of yore,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
The King of Peace for evermore.

Therefore pray we to that Lord,
And Son of mother mayden fre,
To make us wise in work and word
To praise and bless the Trinity.

BETHLEHEM.

O, TO have dwelt in Bethlehem,
When the star of the Lord shone bright ;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers,
On that blessed Christmas night !
To have kissed the tender way-worn feet,
Of the mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child.

Hush ! Such a glory was not for thee ;
But that care may still be thine ;
For are there not little ones still to aid ;
For the sake of the child divine ?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take ?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts,
God can comfort, for Mary's sake ?

Adelaide Proctor.

HOW THE MASTER COMES IN.

BY F. BOTTOME, D.D.

THERE was bustle by day and revel by night,
The city was wild with expectant delight,
And strangers from far crowded fast to the inn ;
But, say, did you see Him—the Master—go in ?

There was pomp and display in the halls of the great,
And splendour was waiting on lordly estate,
And great was the glory that burst o'er the scene ;
But, say, did you see Him—the Master—go in ?

There was swinging of incense and chanting of psalms,
And rustling of raiment, and waving of palms
As the worshippers crowded the temple within ;
But, say, did you see Him—the Master—go in ?

In the stillness of night, where the cattle had fed,
In the bosom of Mary He pillowed His head—
Where love held her court, and her bridal within,
There, there did He come, as He ever comes in.

EARL SHAFTESBURY.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

EARL SHAFTESBURY was born April 28, 1801, so that at his death he was over 84 years of age. When a youth he was a scholar at Harrow, and afterwards distinguished himself as a successful classical student at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1841 he received from his Alma Mater the degree of D.C.L. At this time he was known as Lord Ashley, by which title he was known until the death of his father in 1854, when he succeeded to the earldom.

While he was a member of the British House of Commons he distinguished himself by close application to his Parliamentary duties. For twenty-eight years he took an active part in all matters which concerned the interests of the nation. In the Administration of the Duke of Wellington he was a commissioner of the Board of Control. He was Lord of the Admiralty in Sir Robert Peel's Administration in 1834-5. During the whole of his Parliamentary career he was a warm advocate of every measure which he conceived to be for the welfare of the working classes. In 1861 he refused to take office under Sir Robert Peel, because the Premier would not support the "Ten Hours Bill" which he had introduced into the House of Commons.

After succeeding to the peerage, with the title of Earl Shaftesbury, he became, if possible, more zealous in advocating the welfare of the toiling millions. He was instant in season and out of season in his labours on their behalf. He was a promoter and leader in all schemes of practical philanthropy, and spent the greater part of his large income in relieving the wants of the destitute and friendless, and none will more sincerely lament his death than the poor of London, among whom he was so well-known.*

A friend of the present writer was for many years a missionary in London, and frequently when he was holding Gospel mission meetings, he was favored with the practical sympathy of Earl Shaftesbury, who attended and often took part in the services. So much was he beloved by the poor of London that some years ago the costermongers of that city united and presented their noble friend with the finest donkey that they could procure. The animal has ever since been well cared for, and is a real pet among those who have it in charge.

Earl Shaftesbury possessed a fine Christian spirit. He belonged to the evangelical party in the Church of England, and his influence for good was very potent. Not a few promotions awarded by the Crown took place in accordance with his recommendation. For many years he was president of the Bible Society, and always took the chair at its annual meetings in Exeter Hall, and even when he had passed the age of fourscore years he would preside at a greater number of the May meetings than any other gentleman. He was also president of the Pastoral Aid Society, of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and for several years of the Protestant Alliance. In short he was always ready to lend a helping hand to all religious and benevolent societies founded on an evangelical basis, as he was a firm believer in the power of the Gospel to regenerate mankind.

As might be supposed, the late Earl was active in all schemes for the abolition of slavery. When the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, visited England, she was nowhere received with a more royal welcome than in the mansion of Earl Shaftesbury. The Jubilee Singers also shared his hospitality, and were greatly indebted to his

* He was the patron of eight livings, and had a rental of more than $80,000 from estates of 21,000 acres.

lordship's patronage for their successful career in the British Isles. He also entertained the veritable Uncle Tom himself, and took part in the testimonial which was presented to him.

The Young Men's Christian Association was another of the institutions in whose welfare Earl Shaftesbury took deep interest. He knew something of the temptations and trials to which young men were subjected, and the great want of home influence of which they were deprived by their residence in large cities, hence at every opportunity he spoke an encouraging word to those who were more particularly engaged in the work of Young Men's Christian Associations, and helped them by generous deeds. The friends of the young men in Toronto honoured themselves by designating the Association Hall by the name of Shaftesbury.

This paper has already exceeded the prescribed limits, but the writer cannot close without referring to another feature in the noble Earl's career—his love for Methodism. He often presided at the annual meetings of the various societies of the Methodist Church. Some years ago he occupied the chair at the Wesleyan Seamen's Mission, and from the address which he then delivered we make the following extracts:

He said that he was very glad to be present to see again with his own eyes and hear again with his own ears that his good friends the Wesleyans were as successful as ever in the excellent work they had undertaken. For a long time past, and even now, they were engaged in reclaiming the great moral wastes, and it must be said to the honour of the Wesleyan community, that at a time when no other denomination whatever, not even the Established Church, was active in great and desolate localities, there the Wesleyans were found, tilling the uncultivated ground and preaching to the people the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was glad to find the Seamen's Mission in full vigour. It was an association of peculiar value at all times, and of especial value at the present time, when there was such a necessity for the spread, among all classes of the people, of the refining elements of Christianity, and for imparting to them that amount of secular knowledge that would enable them to discharge their duties as citizens. They were showing, in spite of whatever might be urged by persons who had little experience of the working of various associations and the great movements of the present day, that what was wanted was not dignified committees with unlimited agency, but the loving voice of man to man, and heart to heart; those who would carry to every corner, to every home, and to every individual, the prayers and the devotion that reigned within themselves. . . . That association would at least be free from many of the charges brought against others, for there was no waste of any kind; they could give chapter and verse for every farthing they had expended, they could show results which were infinitely greater than those of thousands of other societies with far greater means. He had seen on the Continent the benefits of a home for seamen. Language could hardly record the good arising from them. When at Marseilles he had visited, one Sunday evening, the Home for Sailors, which was presided over by a clergyman who was one of the most earnest and capable of dealing with that class of men that it had ever been his good fortune to encounter. There was a collection of Dutchmen, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, and others, who had a smattering of the English tongue, and those who had not had the words of comfort which fell from the clergyman's lips communicated to them by an interpreter. There was no body of men to whom they were more indebted than the sailors, and he hoped from that day they would date their renewed exertions on their behalf, for there were none with whom they could hope to have greater success. . . . The Wesleyans in the army were among the very best men. It had been admitted to be so, and he himself used it as a very powerful argument at a time when some little difficulties were thrown in the way of the Wesleyans attending their sev-

eral chapels. On that occasion he said: "The Wesleyans are the best men in the army, and if you by any act of rigour, by any strait-lacedness, or any abominable High Churchism, eliminate those men from the royal service, you will do a mischief to the army that will be irreparable."

In May last he was only able to preside at two anniversaries, one the Bible Society, the chair of which he occupied for the fortieth time. The other was the Ragged School Union, for which he had done so much. The boys, at this meeting, presented him with five copies of a beautiful picture —Christ, the Light of the World—being one for each of his children.

Earl Shaftesbury's illness was brief, and happily he was conscious until a few minutes before he died. He took affectionate leave of his family, and quietly passed to his reward. He was awarded a public funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Religious services over the remains were conducted at the Abbey. Hundreds of poor people stood outside in a drenching rain during the entire service, being unable to get into the edifice, so dense was the crowd which gathered to pay their last mark of respect to the philanthropist. Large numbers of shoeblacks, with crape bands on their arms, and many other boys who had been benefited by the charitable acts of the departed Earl, stood in line with the *élite* in the Abbey. The services were very impressive.

The following lines from *Punch* are a noble tribute to the late Earl:—

IN MEMORIAM.

Is life worth living? Who will dare to ask,
Remembering thy noble rounded task,
Large-hearted Earl, whose lengthened track of years
Death shadowed now amidst a people's tears,
Spread smiles like sunshine on the earth's dark ways?
If heaven's approval and the people's praise,
Poverty's blessing, and the joy sublime
Of ministry that lifts the curse of crime,
If these avail to dower our days with worth,
How happy was thy life, who wealth and birth
Mad'st not a perch for pleasure, pride, pretence,
But vantage ground for high beneficence!
Friend of the fallen, helper of the poor,
The poor shall see, the fallen hear no more
That kindly presence, that inspiring voice,
As in thy life their thousands did rejoice,
So at thy death they grieve. These toilers gray
Who find so little sun on life's hard way,
Those helpless thralls of trade, whose spirits feel
The long relentless grinding of the wheel,
Those all unchildlike children, victims small
Of modern Molochs, all who creep or fall
On poverty's rough road, or crime's steep slope,
Will miss the presence of incarnate hope
In the good Earl. Yet has their companion left
Bequest of which they shall not be bereft,
And legacies of help in softened law
Crushes them not quite wholly as of old.
And guardian edict; so that Mammon's maw
These be his monuments! His heart is cold
Who reads unmoved the roll of that long life,
With naught but suffering and wrong at strife,
Or marks without a touch of tearful mist
The passing of the great philanthropist.

How bright Thy lowly manger beams!
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams,
The splendor of Thy natal night
Shines through all time in deathless light.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

BITTERLY chill is the winter wind,
Biting our cheeks as we go;
Gray is the sky and the silent fields
Are white with December snow.

But the message we bear makes warm our hearts
With the joy of the Christmas tide;
It is, "May God's grace and Christ's sweet peace
With you and with yours abide."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Protestant Federation.

The Rev. B. F. Austin, B.D., the accomplished Principal of Alma Ladies' College, has been writing a series of papers in the Toronto *Globe* on this subject which have attracted much attention. He recommends the appointment of a commission, or federal council, of representatives of the different Churches which should, to use his own words, "promote the harmonious working of all the Protestant forces in the field," and prevent the undue multiplication of churches in small towns and villages, or sparsely settled regions, and cultivate mutual good-will and friendly co-operation. He shows the advantages which would result from such co-operation on broad lines of Christian policy. One effect which would doubtless result would be the saving of a considerable amount of money in carrying on religious work in small communities. Another result would be the improvement of the condition of the ministers labouring on these fields, and raising their incomes from the altogether inadequate amount, which it too often is, to at least an approximation to the *minimum* salary of $750 contemplated by the Sustentation Fund of our Presbyterian friends.

A proposition something like that proposed by brother Austin was strongly recommended by the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church, which feels, as perhaps no other part of our work does, the brunt of the opposition of Romanism. After a free discussion the following resolution was passed by, we believe, a majority of nine-tenths of the Conference :

Moved by the Rev. T. G. Williams, and seconded by the Rev. George McRitchie—

"That inasmuch as in many parts of the Dominion of Canada the Protestant population is unable to maintain in each locality the ministers necessary to supply each separate denomination there represented with the Gospel without aid from the mission funds of the Churches ; and whereas in many places one minister could supply the Gospel ordinances to people now divided into separate congregations, thus avoiding unnecessary expenditure of missionary money and a waste of ministerial force, therefore

"*Resolved*,—That this Conference appoint a Committee whose duty it shall be to confer with any Committee or Committees which may be appointed by the other Conferences of the Methodist Church, or by the Courts of other Protestant Churches, for the purpose of preparing a plan to submit to the General Conference of the Methodist Church and the proper Courts of the other Churches appointing such Committees, by which the consolidation of the forces of our common Protestanism may be effected and our resources husbanded for the more economical and, at the same time, more extended prosecution of the work of God among the people residing in those sections of our Dominion where the denominations there represented are not able separately to support the minister among them."

We believe that a similar committee has been appointed by the Presbyterian Church, and that the joint Committee will shortly meet. We hope that great grace and wisdom will rest upon its deliberations, and that much good to the Church of God may result therefrom. Without surrendering a particle of religious conviction, each Church may learn to co-operate heartily in Christian work. A leading member of a

Western Presbytery assured the present writer that he believed the appointment of such a commission would save the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches $2,000 a year each within that Presbytery.

We think that our spiritual affinities are much stronger toward our Presbyterian friends than toward the Church of England, and our facilities for co-operation are much greater, whatever the historical connexion of Methodism in the past may have been with the latter Church. Our Church polity, too, is much more Presbyterial than Episcopal. We agree, therefore, with our esteemed contributor, Judge Dean, that we should especially cultivate fraternal relations with that Church. We rejoice that more and more this delightful spirit of Christian fraternity has become manifest, and that in more than one of our Western towns union revival services have, with the happiest results, been held jointly by Methodist and Presbyterian ministers in Methodist and Presbyterian churches.

The Missionary Problem.

The fact that the missionary operations of our Church have outrun the income of the past year by over $20,000 is a proof that God is opening for us ever wider doors of opportunity and is summoning us to ever larger responsibilities. The deficit of the year is happily not the result of the apathy of our people or the falling off of the income, but of the largely increased expenditure in consequence of ever-widening operations, and of the endeavour to more adequately meet the needs of the missionaries. We know of no Church which in proportion to its numbers and resources gives more liberally to the cause of missions than the Methodist Church. And we are persuaded that in the special exigency of the present time our generous-hearted people will come up to the rescue of the Missionary Society, as it has done in a similar exigency in the past. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States is making a special effort to raise this year the noble sum of a million dollars for the cause of missions. But a million dollars for that large and wealthy Church is a less sum than a quarter of a million for our Canadian Methodism. Yet we must keep that sum before us as the amount to be reached during this very year. And we be well able. For our membership of 185,000 the sum of $1.35 each, or about 2½ cents per week, would yield the $250,000 required, to say nothing of our 740,000 of adherents. Why, even a cent a week from the children in our schools would raise the very handsome sum of $90,000. The whole amount needed can easily be raised if each will only do his part. Let us so systematize our mode of collections in our Sunday-schools and households and congregations that these many small contributions may all be brought into the Lord's treasury, as the many tiny rills of half a continent contribute to swell the torrent of our mighty St. Lawrence, and there shall be money enough to carry on all the work that lies before us. Let us rise to the height of our opportunity and privilege. Lo ! the fields wave white unto the harvest on every side.

The Superannuated Ministers' Fund.

There is no fund which commends itself more strongly to the sympathies of our people than this. Those who through long years have borne the burden and heat of the day, and who by their toil and privation and self-denial have helped to make Canada what it is to-day, have a special claim upon the loving support of the Church whose deep and strong foundations they laid long years ago. We hope that our readers have all carefully studied the admirable article on this fund in a recent number of the *Guardian*, by John Macdonald, Esq., who shows his intense sympathy with the worn-out heroes of the Methodist knight errantry no less than with the missionaries who are now battling in the high places of the field. The perusal of that paper will, we doubt not, stimulate the zeal and liberality

of all who read it to the ampler sustentation of this fund. It is the barest justice that those who have been giving the best energies of the best years of their life to the service of God and His Church and of society in this land should in their old age and infirmity be placed beyond the reach of care and want. In a land of amplest opportunity to grow rich, they have been too busy in their work of soul-saving to make money. While men of no greater activity, and with much less toilful labour, have acquired wealth, it is not meet that those who have guarded the best interests of society and builded their lives into the commonweal should have withheld from them in their time of need that measure of support which is theirs by every law of equity and righteousness.

RENEWALS.

Our friends will confer a great favour by sending their renewals for this MAGAZINE as promptly as possible. It will facilitate the work of the mailing clerk at a very busy season of the year, and will ensure their receiving the January number before Christmas. That number will contain Stanley's account of the founding of the Free State of Congo, condensed from his large book just published in eight languages and selling at $10. The article will give a number of the best full-page engravings of those volumes. The January number will also contain a copiously illustrated article on Chautauqua—the handsomest ever published—also Part I. of the Series of Illustrated articles on the journey to British Columbia and Alaska of Dr. Sutherland and John T. Moore, Esq. Articles by Canon Farrar, Joseph Cook, 15 pages of the charming Serial Story, "Jan Vedder's Wife," and other interesting features, will make a most attractive number. Our arrangements for 1886 are the best we ever were able to make. We hope our friends in renewing their subscriptions will kindly show our Prospectus to some neighbour or friend and endeavour to send also their subscription.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The "key-note" Missionary Anniversary for the current year has just been held at Leeds, and consisted of several sermons, four public meetings, a breakfast, and a bazaar. The total receipts were $8.365. This is the largest amount that has been obtained for several years.

Six thousand of the 8,000 Methodist pulpits in England are occupied every Sunday by local preachers, alternating or assisting the regular pastors.

The Home Mission Committee have received 120 applications for the services of the Revs. Thomas Cook and T. Waugh during the winter months. To have granted every request the Committee would have needed at least twelve instead of two evangelists. There are several District Missionaries always employed, so that it would seem that the Connexion is ripe for aggressive work, and only needs suitable leaders in order to conduct a series of campaigns.

The magnificent library given by Mr. T. R. Allan to the Conference consists of from 12,000 to 15,000 bound volumes—many of them of great value and in elegant bindings—with 30,000 unbound, exegetical and

theological pamphlet dissertations of rare interest, all catalogued. There is a splendid collection of Bibles. The various editions are of the best and most ancient, some in MS. and magnificently illustrated. There are the Vatican codex version, all the fathers, the scholastics of the middle ages, the Church of England writers of the Stuart and Puritan eras, works of travel and topography, splendidly illustrated—in short, a magnificent foundation for a connexional library. Mr. Allan spent forty years in collecting this gift. His father was the chief legal adviser of the Conference from 1801 to 1840.

Wesleyan mission work in Ceylon is encouraging. Native churches are not only largely self-supporting, but initiating aggressive work of their own in jungle districts. An edition of the Rev. W. Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" has been printed in Tamil, and, being sold at a low rate by the kindness of a friend, is benefiting hundreds of readers.

Rev. Robert Collier, sen., general missionary (Ireland), recently held a month's meetings on the Glostry and Portaferry Circuit. His colleague, Rev. John Scott McDade, has had unprecedentedly successful tent services in Ballinnamallard. The attendance, especially on the Sabbath, exceeded anything ever witnessed in Fermanagh, where Methodism occupies the premier position, and is daily growing in numbers and influence.

Primitive Methodist.

The mission on the island of Fernando Po, West Africa, has been instrumental in civilizing and Christianizing the people. A new Governor, through the influence of the Jesuit priests, is interrupting the educational work of the missionaries, one of whom, the Rev. William Welford, has been arrested and made a prisoner on board a hulk moored in the river. The mission was established on the island with the consent of the Spanish authorities, land bought, churches built, and agencies maintained without the conditions being violated. The protection of the British Government has been claimed on behalf of the imprisoned missionary.

American Board of Missions.

The 75th anniversary has just been held in Boston. Like all preceding similar gatherings, the various services were attended by large audiences. On some of the evenings overflow meetings were held in neighbouring churches.

The Board expended during the year $613,494.83, leaving a balance of $1,839.20 in the treasury. The Rev. Dr. Cheever and wife gave a special donation of $19,333.75. Two questions seriously trouble the Board —(1) how to increase the number of missionaries, and (2) how to secure an increase of ordinary income of at least 25 per cent. There have been 416 missionaries in the service of the Board, but only six of these have died. There are fifteen native churches among the Zulus, with a membership of 782, who contributed last $3,694 towards their own support.

The new missionary ship has made her maiden missionary voyage by taking some Christian teachers to Yap, Micronesia, 900 miles beyond any point before occupied.

The Board has 22 missions, 83 stations, and 826 out-stations; ordained missionaries, 156; physicians, 12; native pastors, 147; preachers and catechists, 212; school teachers, 1,319. Including some other assistants, the total number of labourers employed is 2,605. Twenty-five million pages of tracts and books have been printed. There are 50 theological seminaries and station classes, in which there are 1,981 pupils; boarding and common schools, 1,203; pupils in both, 35,561. There were 4,500 guests provided for during the annual meeting of the Board, among whom were 20 returned missionaries. The Board was formed by five commissioners in 1810, who sat around a small table in the parlour of the Rev. Noah Porter at Farmington, Connecticut. Mr. Porter's children have just given the said table to the Board.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Meeting of the Central Board of Missions.—This meeting was held at Halifax during the week commencing October 11th. More than twenty ministers and laymen, including the General Superintendents and General Secretary, were present. Sermons were preached on the Sabbath, and several public meetings were held during the week in the churches of Halifax and vicinity. The season was one of great enjoyment to the Methodists of that city, whose contributions, although always creditable, are much in advance of former years. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, a son of the late Rev. Dr. Richey, presided at one of the public meetings.

All the sessions were harmonious, and there would have been no discordant note, only that the income was not equal to the outlay. One of the General Superintendents, Dr. Carman, had visited Newfoundland, and the other, Dr. Williams, had visited the North-West. These visits not only benefited the missionaries, but also enabled the chief ministers to form a better idea of the claims of the work. They spoke commendably of the self-abnegation of the missionaries, and earnestly pleaded for a more generous support on behalf of those noble servants of the Church and their families.

Dr. Sutherland, accompanied by Mr. Moore, had just returned from British Columbia, where he had made a very thorough examination of the Methodist Missions in that colony. His account of the work among the Chinese was especially interesting. There are from 8,000 to 10,000 Chinamen in the Province, 3,000 or 4,000 of whom are in the city of Victoria. A mission has just been established under very favourable auspices among these foreigners, and the Doctor had the honour of baptizing eleven of them, all young men of promise, and receiving them into the Church.

All regretted that there was a deficiency of income amounting to $21,729.75, which compelled the Board to decline applications for special grants for Japan and other Missions, which are greatly needed. Aside from this serious deficiency, the outlook in all the Mission fields is very encouraging. It is hoped that on all the Mission stations, more especially on the Domestic Missions, the friends will do their utmost to increase their contributions to the missionaries labouring among them, so that these self-denying servants of Christ may not have to endure such heavy deficiencies as are now likely to befall them. How are married ministers to keep their families and provide horses and travelling equipments on less than $500 per year? The General Conference desires that the minimum salary should be $750, but some have not received more than 50 per cent. of this amount. John King, Esq., of Halifax, has donated a large amount to the Missionary Society, $500 of which has been paid, and $1,000 more will be paid next year.

The Woman's Missionary Society.—During the sittings of the Central Board at Halifax the Nova Scotia branch of this Society held its second annual meeting. There are five Auxiliaries and five Mission Bands; 174 members, 15 of whom are life members, and an income for the year of $730.27.

The Central Branch of this Society also recently held its second annual meeting in Toronto. There are 20 Auxiliaries and seven Mission Bands, with 1,083 members, an increase for the year of 492. The income is $2,722.27; $1,408.53 were contributed by the Auxiliaries in the city, the balance by the Auxiliaries outside the city.

The public meeting was one of more than ordinary interest, and was addressed by Mrs. Osborne and the Rev. Mr. Fox, both of whom formerly laboured in India.

The Western Branch held its annual meeting in London. The income for the year is $2,384.53, an increase of $343 over last year; nine new Auxiliaries had been formed; the membership is 1,020, an increase of 304. The Corresponding Secretary had written during the year 75 letters and 81 cards.

These three branches raise $5,836.

ITEMS.

Rev. Geo. Grenfell, of the English Baptist Mission on the Congo, has just returned from a voyage of exploration in the mission steamer *Peace* up the Congo and the Mobanzi, an affluent which enters the Congo from the north, nearly opposite Equator Station, at between 26° and 42° north latitute. He traced the latter river east and north about 400 miles to 4° 30′ north latitude, and found it easily navigable all the way, and beyond his farthest point, where it was 673 yards wide. This large river coming from the north adds to the known area of the Congo Valley an immense territory, and Mr. Grenfell supposes it is the Welle, which drains the country eastward to the Nile basin. The London *Times* says: Since the discovery of the course of the Congo itself no more important addition to our knowledge of the hydrography of the region has been made. The banks of the river are even more densely populated than those of the Congo, and this discovery increases vastly the commercial importance of the Congo, by making it appear that a considerable portion of the fertile Soudan territory is naturally tributary to the Congo.

The white Baptists of the South have 570 associations, 14,102 churches, and 997,506 members. The coloured Baptists have 7,480 churches, with 871,043 members. Total Baptists in the South 1,868,552. Baptisms for the year were 64,301 whites, and 38,538 coloured.

The International Missionary Union, recently in session at Niagara Falls, was so deeply moved by the representations of the opium traffic, and of the great obstacles placed by it in the way of the evangelization of China, that it adopted a strong protest against the connection of the British Government with the cultivation of the poppy in India, and against the continued legalization of the traffic in China. This protest is to be forwarded to London.

The Rev. Geo. Roger, who has been three years a missionary on the Labrador coast, has returned to Montreal to consult with the friends of the mission. He reports that there is much destitution, the fisheries having failed for four years in succession, the last being the worst. He thinks that the population of the coast must inevitably grow thinner. It would be the greatest favour to the people of the coast to induce them to find their way to where they would have more constant employment and certain means of living. The Government helped them last year, but refused to do so again, and the question is, What is to be done for them? If the Government could do, as in the case of Anticosti, offer to remove all who desired it, it would, Mr. Roger thinks, be the cheapest and most kindly way of dealing with them.

The Gospel in Italy.—Last year's statistics of the Italian Free Church show six ordained ministers, 20 evangelists, 40 elders, 73 deacons, 16 deaconesses, 3 colporteurs, 1,080 communicants, 243 catechumens, 55 Sabbath schools, 731 Sunday-school children, 34 day and night school teachers, 1,090 pupils, 30 churches large and small, 49 out-stations; and their contributions for the support of the Gospel amount to about $3 per head.

Rev. Jos. Alden, D.D., LL.D., died one Sabbath afternoon in August, in New York city. He was a lineal descendant of John Alden of the *Mayflower*. He had the advantage of a thorough collegiate education. His life work was teaching, though for a short time he was in the pastorate. He was the author of several published works on science, ethics, etc., besides fifty volumes for the young. He was a singularly able educator, and a Christian gentleman of noble type.

The venerable Dr. Stephen H. Tyng died September 3rd, at Irving, on the Hudson, N. Y., in the 85th year of his age. For three years past he has been very feeble both in body and mind. He commenced his ministry at the age of twenty-one. For a few years he ministered in Philadelphia, and then went to New York, where for more than thirty years he was one of the best known

and most successful ministers in that city. He was especially successful in establishing Sunday-schools and other evangelical labours. His church in New York gave him a retiring allowance of $5,000 a year.

The Christianizing of the Indian is a paying investment, even in a pecuniary point of view. It appears that the Dakota Indians cost the American Government for their support $164,000 a year while in their savage state ; after they were Christianized, the expense was but little more than $17,000 a year.

The Rev. A. R. B. Shrewsbury was a member of the New Brunswick Conference, of which he became a member in 1871. He became a successful preacher of the gospel. After labouring about fourteen years in circuit work he was taken ill, from which he never recovered. He suffered severely, and when apprised that his illness would probably prove fatal, he said, " I have no care, no, not a single care—that is, so far as I am personally concerned. I am on the Rock that does not move, and I am safe." Other words of triumph were uttered and he passed to his reward in heaven.

Maomi Tanma is a Japanese preacher, now in the Auburn Theological Seminary, where he has been pursuing his studies for two years. He was converted ten years ago in Tokio, Japan, his native city, joined the first Presbyterian Church of that city and was afterwards its pastor for three years. He will spend a year at Princeton, after which he purposes to return to his old church.

Doctor Slade Robinson.

The remark has often been made that " death loves a shining mark." All who knew this saintly man who so lately died in Toronto, will agree with us, that the saying is literally true when applied to him. For many years he was " a burning and shining light." Through him the present writer was led to be a subscriber to the *Guide to Holiness*, and to read Mrs. Palmer's works, which were a great blessing to him. We have spent many pleasant hours in his company conversing on his favourite theme—Christian holiness. He was a fine specimen of true Christian sanctity, as all who knew him will readily testify.

Dr. Robinson and his beloved wife, who lingers a little longer on these mortal shores, were brought to God through the instrumentality of the well-known evangelist, the Rev. Jas. Caughey, during his first visit to the city of Quebec. Shortly afterwards he removed to Toronto and became one of the prominent members in Richmond Street Church. He was one of the founders of Elm Street Church, and he and Mrs. Robinson for many years led two classes each. During Mr. Caughey's labours in Toronto, Dr. Robinson was one of his strong supporters, and well earned the designation, the " beloved physician." Until enfeebled by age this departed saint was abundant in the discharge of those quiet Christian duties which are known only to few, viz., visiting the sick and relieving the poor. In his death the poor have lost a true friend, and the Church a liberal supporter. All the ministers who have been pastors of Elm Street Church, as well as others, could testify, as did the Revs. Dr. Potts, and W. H. Laird at the funeral, how kindly he always acted towards them, and how readily he always entered into any scheme that would advance the interests of Christ's cause. Dr. Potts declared him to be " one of the most wonderfully saintly men that he had met with in the whole course of his ministry," and Mr. Laird said " if ever there was a man who filled up the measure of his days and usefulness that man was their deceased friend." No wonder that his funeral was numerously attended and that devout men carried him to the place of sepulture and made great lamentation over him. He lived until he was eighty-five years of age. The ranks of the church militant are becoming thinned. May those who survive become increasingly vigilant, that they may be ready when the Master calls them to come up higher.

THE

CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

VOL. XXII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1885.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

HALIFAX:

S. F. HUESTIS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

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BOOK NOTICES.

The Light of Asia and the Light of the World. A comparison of the legend, the doctrine, and the ethics of the Buddha, with the story, the doctrine, and the ethics of Christ. By PROF. S. H. KELLOGG, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, 390 pp. Price $2.00.

Edwin Arnold's fine poem, "The Light of Asia," has done much to throw a glamour, in popular apprehension, over the life and teachings of the Indian Sage, Gautama, or Buddha, "the Enlightened One." Born 600 years before the Christian era, his doctrines have moulded for centuries the minds of millions, and are to-day accepted by one-third of the human race. This is, therefore, a subject eminently worthy of study. There has been a disposition on the part of many writers to magnify the merits of Buddhism, or even to exalt it as a religion superior to Christianity. But without detracting from any merits which it really possesses, it can be shown that those merits have been greatly exaggerated, and that with the fine gold of the image is mingled much of the iron and the clay. Dr. Kellogg has special qualifications for the discussion he has undertaken. He spent eleven years as a missionary in the land of the Buddha. He is steeped in the literature of the subject, and is familiar with the effects of the system, as seen in Indian life and institutions. He gives an account of the life and legends of Buddha, which he contrasts with the inimitable life of Christ. He contrasts with the teachings of our Lord the doctrines of Buddhism. He then discusses the ethics of these respective systems, and shows the failure of Buddhism to develop in the lives of men the lofty types of character which Christianity has everywhere produced. In the interesting study of comparative religions, this work will be of great and permanent value. The city of Toronto is to be congratulated on the addition to its ministry of so learned a scholar, so accomplished a writer, so successful a missionary.

Future Punishment; or, Does Death End Probation? By the REV. WILLIAM COCHRANE, D.D. 8vo. Pp. 528. Brantford: Bradley Garretson & Co. Toronto: Adam Kerr. Price $3.

The solemn subject which this volume treats has more than ever of late been the theme of discussion from all points of view. In this book Dr. Cochrane examines the different theories which have been advanced—the materialistic, annihilationist, optimistic, probationist, Romish, Dantean, agnostic, universalist, and orthodox. He tests these theories by the touchstone of Scripture and reason. He scrupulously gives fair play to the advocates of the various views criticised, citing for most part their very words in setting forth their theories He brings to his aid also the writings of the most distinguished defenders of the orthodox views. Thus the volume becomes a rich repertory of the opinions of the ablest writers of all schools on this question—of Haeckel, Huxley and Tyndall; of Newton, Brewster, Hodge, Argyll, McCosh, Dawson; of Farrar, Greg, Emerson; of Shedd, Plumptre, Kellogg, Pusey, Mansell, Spurgeon, Cook, Kingsley, Barnes, Cairns, and many others. In addition to these, papers have been expressly prepared for this volume by Prof. Maclaren, Prof. Stewart, and the Rev. J. Burton, Dr. Carman, Prof. W. I. Shaw, and Archbishop Lynch. We do not know any other volume in which this subject is so fully and fairly discussed. And there is need of such discussion. The materialistic skepticism of the day,

and the many erroneous and unscriptural theories advanced have sapped the foundations of the faith of many minds, and it is of the utmost importance to have the fallacies of those false views pointed out, and the grounds of the orthodox faith defended. The book contains also a number of those wonderful pictures by Dore, illustrating Dante's immortal poem, The Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise.

Daniel the Prophet. Nine Lectures Delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Oxford. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. 8vo. Pp. 519. Price $3.

This work we regard as Pusey's masterpiece. The book was planned, the author tells us, as a contribution against the tide of skepticism let loose by the publication of the famous Essays and Reviews. The essayists especially attacked the Book of Daniel, as one of the most vulnerable books of the sacred canon. Pusey meets them on their own ground and drives them off the field. He meets the objections of the English and German destructive critics and turns their fancied victory into utter defeat. Dr. Pusey, the Regius Professor of History at Oxford, was at least the peer in oriental scholarship of the ablest of his opponents, and in critical insight and soundness of judgment he was, we think, more than peer. He does not evade the difficulties of the book. He grapples fairly with them and gives, we judge, an adequate solution. We are not competent to say whether his interpretations of those marvellous visions and prophecies are in all cases correct; but we would rather follow his devout and reverent teaching than that of the ablest of his opponents.

The work will be a rich treat to the Christian scholar for its profound learning, and, indeed, to every Biblical student for its lucid exposition. It is enriched with copious notes and valuable appendices. It is well printed, the Hebrew text and vowel points—a crucial test—being clearly shown.

City Ballads. By WILL CARLTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs; 8vo. Pp. 180. Illustrated. Price $2.25.

The author of "Farm Ballads" has a wider range of readers than many a greater poet. Many who cannot appreciate the beauty of Thanatopsis, will keenly feel the pathos of "Over the hills to the poorhouse." These ballads come home "to the business and bosoms" of all men, and the many phases of city life form the theme for a series of striking poems. The book consists of extracts from the note-book of Arthur Selwyn—a young student fresh from college—and from the calendar of Farmer Harrington, who had just "struck oil" on his western farm. We confess we prefer the shrewd, kindly, unsophisticated old farmer. The narrative interest of the book is maintained by a number of stories and incidents in ballad verse, ranging "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The sewing girl's diary, with its picture of the frail girl keeping death and famine and sin at bay at her needle's point, "earning twenty cents a-day," is worthy of Hood. Death in the Garret, and other scenes of city want and woe, are strongly limned with pen and pencil. The humorous sketches are not so much to our mind, though the adventures of Farmer Stebbings at Ocean Grove and in the Bowery and the epic of the bicycle are very funny. The more serious pieces, as the Boy Convict's Story and the account of the Salvation Army Meeting, have a deeper moral purpose. The following is an example of the terse and striking treatment of common incidents:

> Only a box, secure and strong,
> Rough and wooden and six feet long,
> Lying there in the drizzling rain,
> Waiting to take the up-bound train.
>
> Only its owner just inside,
> Cold and livid and glassy eyed;
> Little to him if the train be late!
> Nothing has he to do but wait.

The thirty-five illustrations of the book sustain the reputation of the great house by which it is issued—nothing more need be said.

Pictorial History of the United States. By the Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Vice-President of the late Confederate States, with over 300 Historical Engravings and Portraits. Large 8vo, pp. 1048. Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson & Co.

The late General Grant, in conversation with the present writer on the war between the North and South, remarked that Alexander H. Stephens was the very brain, the heart and soul of the Southern Confederacy. Never before, we think, has the history of so great a conflict been written by one who has taken so large a part in making the history which he records. For, although this portly volume gives a full account of the discovery and early settlement of the country, of the French and Indian wars, Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Mexican War, and long intervals of peace, yet more than half of it is devoted to the great struggle between the North and South. This is the first time that the Southern account of that struggle has been so fully given. It strikes us that the story is very fairly told—without bitterness or recrimination. Yet it is apparent that the conflict arose from the determination of the South to maintain the institution of slavery, even to the extent of demanding the rendition of fugitive slaves from any part of the North. (See Toombs' speech, pp. 501, *et seq.*) It is interesting to read the defence of its peculiar institution by one of the ablest representatives of the South.

After a dramatic account of the organization of the Confederacy and of the bombardment of Sumter follows a detailed history of the stirring events of the four years' war—the greatest conflict of modern times, the loss of life reaching, says our author, the "stupendous aggregate of 1,000,000 men." The writer seems anxious to do justice to the leaders of Northern opinion and of the Northern armies. He says, for instance, that Grant at the surrender of Appomatox "exhibited the greatest magnanimity." The South, he claims, was crushed by sheer weight of numbers, the Federal records showing an enrolled force of 2,600,000, while that of the Confederates was only a little over 600,000. Yet, he states, the latter captured 270,000 Federal prisoners, of whom 22,576 died in captivity; while the Federals captured 220,000, of whom 26,436 died in captivity—thus showing a large percentage in favour of the South. No just estimate of this great conflict can be reached without a study of the Southern record of the war. It is somewhat of a surprise to find such a well manufactured volume issuing from a Richmond press. It is a striking example of the restored life and energy and business enterprise of the South, as well as of its mechanical, artistic, and literary ability. The numerous steel engravings are exceedingly well executed, as are also the greater number of the 300 wood-cuts, especially the portraits.

Beauties of Tennyson. Twenty Illustrations by FREDERIC B. SCHELL. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

This is one of the most elegant gift-books of the season. Tennyson's poetry is especially adapted for illustration, so picturesque are his word-paintings. The artist has finely caught the very spirit of the poems. The landscape and sea-shore illustrations especially are steeped with poetic feeling, as in the "Song of the Brook," and "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," the latter an exquisite picture; also that illustrating the noble "Bugle Song," "The splendour falls on castle walls," etc. We have seldom seen moonlight effects on water more finely shown than in the pictures accompanying the song of the fisherman's wife, "Father will come to his babe in the nest." The long, heaving swell of the ocean, the broad silver wake of moonlight, and

the moon riding high among the clouds are exquisitely rendered. A tender and pensive evening effect illustrates the line, "O there above the little grave we kissed again with tears." There is also a vigorous naval battle piece, and a fine effect of moonlight on the snow, illustrating the song, "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky." The figure pieces are not, to our mind, quite so successful, although we must except from this criticism the stirring cavalry charge illustrating the line, "Boldly they rode and well," and the figures of Enoch Arden and Harold. The sweet arch faces of airy fairy Lilian and Lady Clara Vere de Vere are also admirably rendered.

Wonderful Christmases of Old. Text by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. Drawings by FERNAND H. LUNGREN. Oblong 4to. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

It was a pleasing fancy of Mr. Butterworth to trace through the ages the ever-brighter shining of the Star of Bethlehem, and to record certain typical historical events which have occurred on Christmas Day, or which have strikingly affected the progress of Christianity. Among these are a scene in the Catacombs, the vision of Constantine of the Cross emblazoned on the midday sky, St. Patrick at Tara, the baptism of Clovis and crowning of Charlemagne and of William the Conqueror on Christmas Day, and other historic scenes. The chief charm of the book, however, is its exquisite illustration. The frontispiece, "Christmas Carols," is a poem in itself. In several of the engravings the strongly contrasted lights and shadows have a strikingly Rembrandt-like effect, as especially in the scene in the Catacombs and the night effect of Christmas at Santa Fe. In others the very texture of woven fabric and armour is shown, as in the crowning of Charlemagne. The Silent Christmas, and Christmas in the *Mayflower* illustrate the attitude of the Puritans toward the ancient festival. We wonder what Bradford or Miles Standish would say to this elegant Chrisimas souvenir, issued from the very heart of that godly Pilgrim settlement, Boston town.

The Flemish School of Painting. By Professor A. G. WAUTERS. Translated by Mrs. HENRY ROSSEL. New York: Cassell & Co. (Limited.) Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 423, 108 engravings. Price $2.00.

We had occasion, in a recent number of this MAGAZINE, to commend highly the volume of Cassell's Fine Art Library, treating of the English school of painting. This companion volume is of even greater historic interest. For Flemish art covers a period of centuries, and the names of the VanEycks, Memling, Metsys, Rubens, VanDyck, Jordaens, Teniers and the Breughels would shed lustre on any school of any land. Of course the greatest figure in Flemish art is the immortal Rubens. His exuberant life and energy and mastery of colour, form and action are seen in over 2,000 separate paintings, cherished as among the masterpieces of the great galleries of Europe. The most striking merit of this volume is its copious illustration. The 108 engravings range from the grave, earnest, *naïve* religious pictures, in which the apostles and prophets are dressed in contemporary burgher costume—in one now before us, Abraham is dressed in mediæval armour—down to the latest achievements of Belgian art.

Letters by the late Frances Ridley Havergal. Edited by her Sister, M. V. G. H. Pp. 348. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price $1.75.

Those who have read Miss Havergal's charming Swiss Letters, will be glad to welcome another volume from her pen. These letters give a remarkable insight into her inner life, for in them she transcribes her very heart. Few collections of familiar letters have such a fine literary flavour, or so abound in religious inspiration. The evidences of her fine

musical culture, and keen sympathy with nature, continually appear. An unanticipated vein of humour is also seen in some of her poetical *jeux d'esprit*. She fairly revels amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, and one of her letters is dated from the Peak of the Gornor Grat, 10,200 feet above the sea. It is astonishing the amount of work the brave spirit in the frail body accomplished. Hers was a shrewd business method, too, as is somewhat humorously shown in her printed circular of answers to all kinds of questions, bearing appropriate numbers and headings. But everywhere, at home and abroad, ill or well, she was full of Christian zeal, seeking to lead to the Saviour those who knew Him not,—Swiss servants, *pension* boarders, travelling acquaintances and the like. This is a healthful, inspiring volume.

We Two Alone in Europe. By MARY L. NINDE, with original illustrations. Pp. 348. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs Price $1.50.

The way those American girls go touring around the world is a marvel. The present writer met in Venice two charming young ladies from California who were doing Europe entirely without escort. But the young ladies whose adventures are described in this book surpassed any that we have heard of. The writer is a daughter of Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. With a companion of her own sex she traversed the Old World from the North Cape to the Cataracts of the Nile, from Ireland to Baalbec. With true American insistance they found their way everywhere, even into the ladies' gallery of the House of Lords, after Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, had told them it was impossible for them to do so. Of course they don't tell all the adventures of their two years abroad, but give a racy account of its most noteworthy incidents. We get through Miss Ninde's keenly observant eyes glimpses of rural England and smoky London, of an ideal English home—that of Lady Lycett, of charming tours in Scotland and Ireland, of Christmas in Berlin and rural Germany, of Nuremburg the ancient, of sunny Italy, of sombre Norway, of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, of Paris in summer and winter, of 400 miles up the Nile, of Palestine and Syria from end to end, of Constantinople and Athens. Interesting accounts are given of interviews with Schliemann and Victor Hugo, of a Turkish wedding and home-life in the East. Everywhere they received great courtesy, not without some paternal advice—as for instance on the Baltic steamer the following: "Going to Russia alone?" "Yes, sir." "Parents living?" "Yes, sir." "Do they know you've come off here." "No, sir." "Well, my advice is to get out of Russia as quick as you can." Nevertheless they went on to Moscow, where their worst scare was caused by the strange antics of the crazy landlord of the hotel. So interesting have we found this book that we read it through at a sitting.

Here and There in Our Own Country. Embracing sketches of travel, and descriptions of places, etc., etc. By popular writers, with 127 illustrations; 8vo, pp. 214. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.

It is only in an accommodated sense that we can call the scenes of these sketches "our own country"—unless we propose to annex the United States. The sketches of travel and adventure cover almost every part of the neighbouring country, from Florida to the Upper Mississippi, from the Rockies to Long Island Sound. The illustrations are superb. We do not think the engraver's art ever produced finer work than the pictures illustrating "The French Broad," "Among the Florida Lakes," the wonderful canyons of the Colorado, and others, in this volume. Our recent wanderings in the Catskills enable us to vouch for the photographic fidelity of those of that charming region. The Sketches of

Plantation Life by "Porte Crayon," Miss Houghton, and Edmund Kirke, are very racy reading. Amelia A. Barr, the accomplished author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," tells of her "house-keeping in Texas," and W. E. Rideing, and other well-known "magazinists," describe the wild life and adventure of the frontier and the Rockies. The elegant binding and ilustrations make this a handsome parlour book.

Life and Travel in India. By ANNA HARRIETTE LEONOWENS. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 325, copiously illustrated. Price $2.50.

The author of this handsome book has previously achieved success through her charming narratives of Eastern life, "The Romance of the Harem" and "An English Governess at the Siamese Court." We do not know whether the lady is a Canadian or not, although the preface to this volume is dated Halifax, N.S. She went to India single, but soon married a gentleman connected with the army, and had exceptional opportunities of seeing whatever is best worth seeing in that wonderland. She records with a cultured lady's keen observation and vivid description her adventures and experiences during a protracted residence in the country. The account of the religious ideas and customs of the people, and of their social and domestic relations are of especial interest. One of the chief attractions of the book is its copious illustration. The engravings illustrate the magnificent Indian architecture, temples, palaces, and tombs—the wonderful Taj Mahal is well shown—also types of native races, costume, etc., incidents of travel. The book is elegantly bound in old gold and is at once æsthetic and instructive.

Methodism in the Light of the Early Church; being the Fernley Lecture of 1885. By the Rev. W. F. SLATER, M.A. 8vo, pp. 166. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 2s. 6d. sterling.

This book is a considerable expansion of the address given before the Wesleyan Conference. It is divided into convenient sections, and its statements corroborated by abundant citations, foot-notes and appendices. The affinity, the moral identity of Methodism with primitive Christianity is clearly shown and its "apostolicity" amply vindicated. The chapters on "Unity" and "Catholicity" are very instructive. Though correlative terms they are independent. No church exhibits so great a degree of unity, as, by its Connexionalism, does the Methodist Church. Its spread is the great religious phenomenon of the nineteenth century. This volume is an admirable contribution to the denominational literature of Methodism.

O BLESSED day, which givest the eternal lie
To self and sense, and all the brute within!
O! come to us, amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study; and to those
Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to brutes,
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day.
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds and the Babe divine,
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

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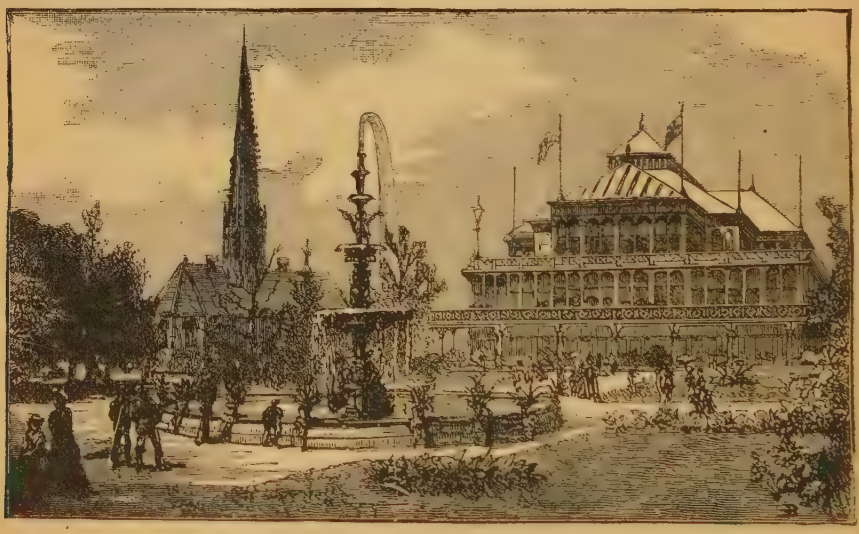

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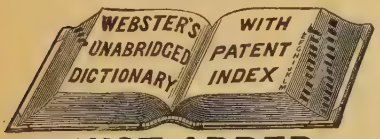

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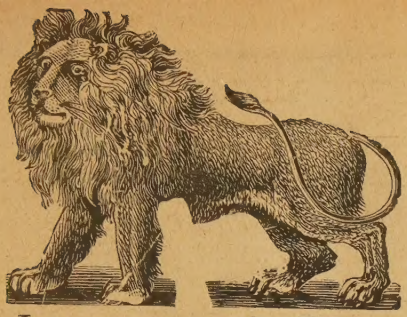

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